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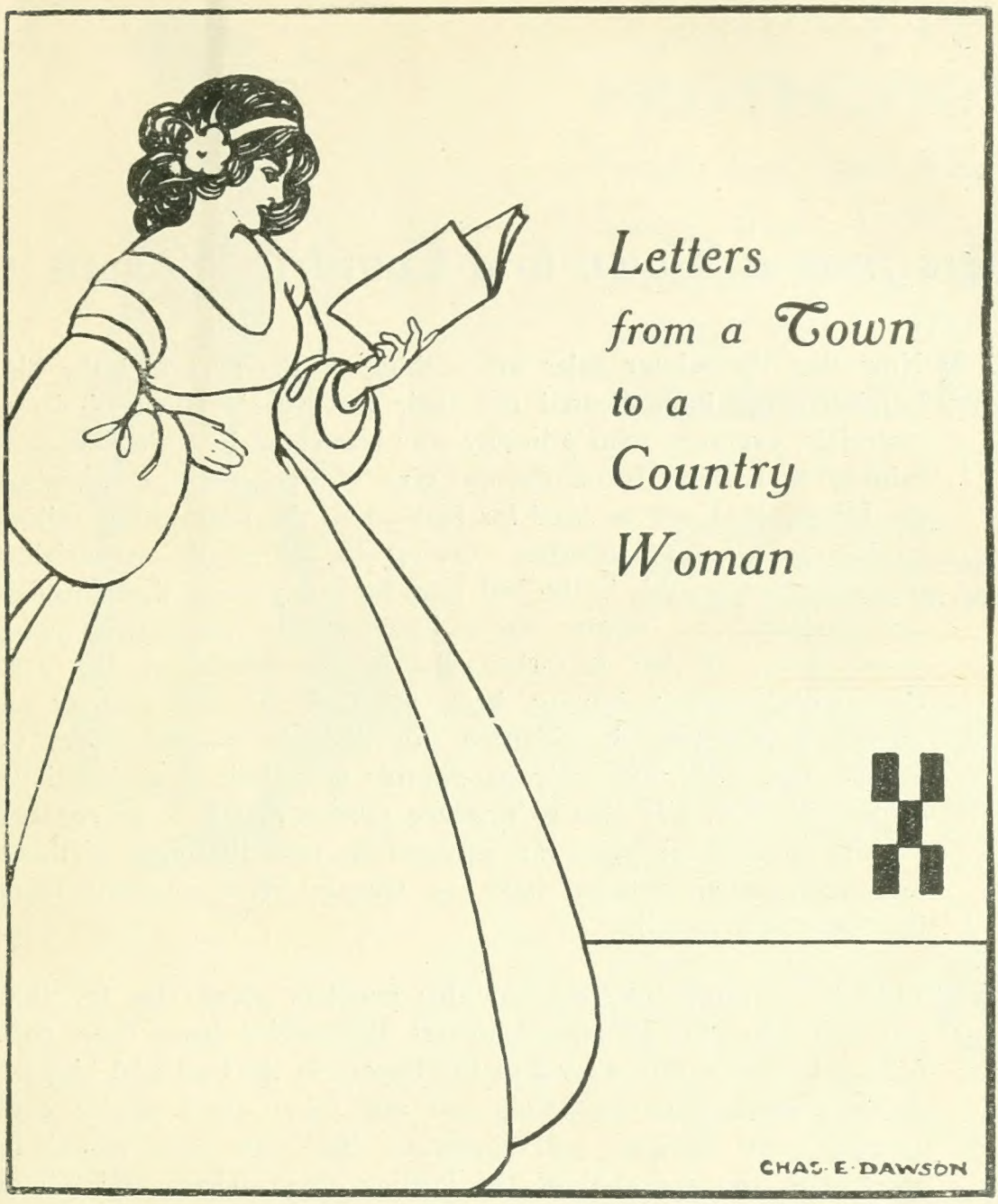

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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

The Rise of British Industry

¶ Now that the winter sales are a thing of the past and the big London shops have cleared out their last year's stock of dress materials, everyone who is in any way interested in matters appertaining to fashion is on the *qui vive* of excitement concerning the fabrics that will be used for fashioning the new spring tailor-mades and summer toilettes. Owing to the conditions arising through the war, this is the first time for many years that English dressmakers and tailors have been wholly dependent upon goods from British factories—almost the whole of the vast Continental output having been stopped. In this manner an unique opportunity is afforded for British manufacturers to exhibit their skill, not only as regards new designs and artistic colour schemes, but also to produce fabrics that both as regards wearing quality and price can successfully take the place of those materials which hitherto have so largely been imported from Germany and Austria.

A Matter of Interest

¶ Indeed, so much interest has this problem given rise to, that not only the various manufacturers themselves have been conferring together, but several of the buyers in the best and biggest London shops have lent their aid and given their advice concerning new designs and materials that are best suited to meet with the approval of the leading dressmakers and tailors and that large shopping community, who up to the present have undoubtedly shown a distinct preference for buying goods of foreign make. One of the largest and most influential shops in Town has bestowed particular care and consideration over the matter—with the result that early in February they will have on sale a very varied stock of the most delightful "All British" fabrics which have been specially designed and made for them.

Poplins and the New Voile Gabardine

¶ This stock includes some very novel and attractive fabrics that will make a direct appeal to women who study the question of taste where dress is concerned. Perhaps the most attractive of all is the new Voile Gabardine, a delightful light ribbed material that cannot be excelled for the fashioning of early spring cos-

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tumes. For indoor and visiting toilettes one also comes across a very attractive new fabric known as crêpe satin, which is a cross between *charmeuse* and *crêpe de chene.* This is sure to be in great demand as, while the new material is very dressy and light looking, it is infinitely more durable than either crêpe or satin, and certainly more suitable than either of these fabrics for the fashioning of visiting gowns or dresses for every-day wear. In the same category must likewise be mentioned the new striped silk and wool poplin which is wide of width and has the merit of being anything but expensive. In a narrow black and silver stripe, it is extremely smart, and as striped materials promise to be the outstanding feature of the new spring modes, this particular fabric is sure to be in great demand.

The New Tartan Whipcord for Tailor-Mades

¶ Fabrics specially adapted for tailor-made coats and skirts have also come in for particular attention, as there is no doubt whatever that under existing circumstances smart tailor-made costumes will be far more popular for wear on all occasions than ever before. Amongst many outstanding novelties for this special purpose must be mentioned the new dark-grounded whip cord of very fine make that has a subdued tartan stripe running through it. In passing, it may be mentioned that the colouring of this particular fabric stands out as the most successful and artistic production of the past ten years, the tartan stripe being kept so fine and so subdued as regards colour, that while it imparts a bright and pleasing effect, there is nothing *outre* or loud about it—a fault that hitherto has proved a very great drawback to the popularity of these bright, effective looking plaids, as there is no doubt that the average Englishwoman's taste always inclines towards quiet colour schemes for street wear.

The Vogue for Black and White

¶ In spite of the fact that vast and important strides have certainly been made during the past three months in the production of British coloured goods, and that several of the leading manufacturers have employed specially trained artists to whom they have entrusted all the designs for dainty coloured fabrics, there is no doubt whatever that the craze of fashion during the spring of 1915 will be for black and white. So unmistakable are the signs that popular taste is drifting in this direction that the particular shop which is doing so much to encourage the sale of all-British fabrics has laid in an enormous stock of the most delightful novelties in black and white materials that will, without doubt, play a prominent part in fostering the development of popular fancy in this direction. Amongst some of the most attractive goods which have already arrived and are now being used for making early spring model costumes, is a white whipcord

striped in black, the stripes being arranged in alternate broad and narrow widths that produce a very *chic* effect. Particular mention must also be made of a fascinating new black and white check homespun that is a vast improvement upon the somewhat tame patterned shepherd's plaid that we have been content to wear for so many seasons.

How the New Tailor-Mades will be fashioned

¶ The styles in which the new tailor-mades will be fashioned are already beginning to leak out, and, if rumour is to be believed, the coming season will mark the passing of the short, tight-fitting coats which so many women still cling to, but which will now have to yield to coats of more ample proportions fashioned with those ultra smart long tunic skirts which prove so becoming to such varied types of figure. Not only does this new fashion suit the slim of life, but the long, straight lines and ample proportions of the new coats have a wonderful way of disguising that bug-bear of modern existence—a tendency to corpulence. The newest coats of all are cut on severe lines and made with little or no trimming—the smartness of the garment depending entirely upon its cut alone. Designed partly after the fashion of the Russian Cossack's uniform and partly after the picturesque modes of the *Directoire* period, the coat of the moment is a distinct improvement upon that worn during the winter months, as, instead of buttoning close up across the chest, the front is arranged in such a manner that it reveals the soft, becoming folds and frills of the new lace waistcoats that will be universally worn by the time that the spring fashions are on show.

The Charm of Lace and Net Frills

¶ Up to the present these dainty lace waistcoats have been luxuries reserved for the extravagant of life alone—as the majority of models on show in London shops have been fashioned of real lace and the most expensive tulle and embroidered net. These for the most part were original patterns sent out by the leading and most exclusive dressmakers in Paris who refuse to employ any save the finest and most expensive hand embroideries and the most precious examples of old Brussels and Chantilly lace. Now, however, that the popularity of this latest novelty has been established, one finds lace waistcoats are being made of less extravagant fabrics, fine imitation shadow laces and effective Brussels net enriched by insertions of delicate black lace or cob-web patterned gold and silver medallions being used with the most attractive and satisfactory results. Needless to say, the collars of these smart little "vanities" are an all-important feature, for one finds flare collars of all sorts still holding their own, fashion's latest decree being the wearing of a fine lace or lawn collar over a fur collar—a mode that, though it may sound incongruous, nevertheless has a very softening and becoming effect.

An Improvement in Ready-Made Costumes

¶ Before leaving the subject of tailor-made costumes altogether, one must not forget to chronicle the all-important fact concerning the enormous improvement that has recently been made in this direction. Not only are really beautifully-cut, ready-made coats and skirts to be had that are made by really high-class tailors, but in a large majority of cases these are exact replicas of the very latest and most up-to-date models. So much so is this the case, that there is an universal outcry concerning the difficulty and well-nigh impossibility of procuring models that one does not see copied stitch for stitch in the windows of those shops which specialise in artistically tailored goods and have achieved so great a reputation for their ready-made coats and skirts. Needless to say, these cost about one half the price asked for the same models made by tailors who only make to customers' special orders, and so widely is the advantage of buying high-class, ready-made costumes recognised, that several of the big shops now employ a first-class, highly skilled tailor to fit and alter the same to customers' special requirements. One shop in particular is happy in having secured the services of a first-rate tailor who thoroughly understands his work and achieves the most successful results, and who works with a lady buyer whose taste in selecting new models is well known and who has special facilities for procuring the latest and most up-to-date costumes which are copied in the firm's own workrooms in the very finest and newest materials that can be procured.

The New Figure

¶ Yet another feature that will have an important bearing on forthcoming fashions, and one that no woman can afford to ignore, is the return of the waist-line to its normal position. In all the new dresses designed for the spring season one notes a tendency to reduce the waist measurement and to get away from the heavy, straight-fronted line of the past year or so. To meet this need, a new type of corset, differing slightly from the model introduced last year, has been put upon the market. This is very light and very graceful, and produces a far more natural and youthful type of figure than has been fashionable of late. Although the difference is slight, it is all-important, for one of these new corsets makes that subtle difference of effect that alone stamps the new dresses with success and a really up-to-date *chic*. At the shop where this new corset is being introduced, one finds it turned out in various qualities and various prices, but the type that is recommended above all others is fashioned of a new light fabric, very comfortable and cool to wear, and which is particularly adapted to the new shape, as it is far more graceful than heavy *coutil* or stiff brocade, which restrict the grace and natural pliability of the figure. While producing a long svelt effect, the new corset manages to avoid compressing the hips as the old-fashioned type did, giving them a cased-in effect, while the new line of freedom has a marvellous way of reducing a bulky waist-line and

AFTERWARDS!

BY

AUSTIN HARRISON.

This remarkable and prophetic war article appears in the February number of "Pearson's Magazine," which also contains contributions of special interest from Hilaire Belloc, John Hassall, Alfred Stead, F. St. Mars, C. H. Bovill, Beatrice Grimshaw and Countess Barcyńska.

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making it measure an inch or so less in circumference, and imparting a trim, taut appearance that is very smart and extremely youthful and graceful.

A Simple Home Treatment for Grey Hair

¶ There is little doubt that year by year one notices far less grey hair than one formerly saw. This applies especially to women, as the feminine portion of this generation very wisely study their appearance, and avail themselves to the uttermost of all the latest discoveries for preserving the natural colour of their hair. This is saying a good deal, as during the past five or ten years the advancement and improvement in restoring colour to faded and grey hair has been little short of marvellous. Perhaps the greatest improvement of all in this direction is to be found in some really wonderful vegetable hair colouring that is to be bought in every conceivable natural shade of hair colouring that exists, including brown, chestnut, blonde, ashy-blonde red, auburn, and pale gold, or that beautiful light reddish-brown which hitherto has been so difficult to procure. What is more, this delightful colouring matter is prepared in such a way that it can be applied to the hair at home with the greatest ease and simplicity and the most satisfactory results. The firm who specialise in the preparation have issued a very instructive and clearly written pamphlet, translated into several languages, that deals with the correct way of treating hair that is faded or grey.

With the help of this it is an easy matter for any ordinary maid or country hairdresser to apply this colouring fluid, which works such wonders in restoring faded hair to its former beauty, either by simply re-touching the roots or dyeing the whole of the hair in such a way that all its former glossiness and vitality is preserved. Besides supplying the colouring matter for others to apply, the hairdresser who has discovered and sells this valuable preparation has large and spacious private saloons at his London establishment, where a staff of experts are employed re-touching and dyeing hair, dressing and waving the same, under the best conditions, and giving customers the benefit of their matured advice. This is particularly valuable, as a course of treatment at this shop often saves the hair from becoming grey, while wonders can be done in restoring hair that has lost its beauty through injury or neglect, or after it has become impoverished through a serious illness or years of ill-health.

An Opportunity to Replenish the Linen Cupboard

¶ The housekeeper who makes a study of economy will doubtless find the present a very profitable time to replenish her store of household linen, as so many of the best shops are just now specialising in beautiful new napery and household linen which is particularly inexpensive. Amongst the new designs for tablecloths one finds a delightful double damask, adorned with flights

of birds, which comes as a pleasing relief after a surfeit of floral designs and conventional stripe and spot designs. There has also been a development in the craze for table linen specially designed to match various periods of antique furniture; many of the most famous ornamental designs employed by Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and the famous brothers Adam being adopted as patterns for table-cloths and dinner napkins destined for use in Chippendale, Adam, or Hepplewhite rooms. For country cottage use, one finds new damasks showing a riotous design of country roses and old English flowers, while for those who like a more formal patterned table-cloth, one comes across a damask ornamented with a broad satin stripe, like a ribbon, the border showing a bold satin finished Greek key pattern running all the way round.

The Afternoon Tea Table

¶ For afternoon tea-cloths nothing is more widely used than the exquisite Chinese lawn table-cloths that are decorated with Oriental embroidery, worked in Nankin blue or pure white cotton of the finest make. The pattern which is worked in massive embroidery represents raised dragons and exotic birds and beasts such as are to be found ornamenting the finest old Oriental pottery. Round the hem is an openwork design that is very effective, and gives a particularly dainty finish. These cloths are so absurdly cheap, considering the magnificence of their embroidery, that, not content with using them as ordinary tea-cloths, several hostesses have had the beautifully white embroidery cut away and appliqued down the centre and the sides of big damask cloths for use at dinner parties, a wonderful effect being thus ensured at about the quarter of the cost of the ordinary embroidered dinner-cloths.

Help for the Wounded

¶ For the moment, however, little or no needlework is being done, save for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors, and *apropos* of this, one would bring to the notice of ladies who have clothes to give away as the result of patriotic work parties, the needs of two well-known societies who come in direct contact and minister exclusively for the needs of the wounded in time of war. These are the Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association, both of which are most deserving of help, and are in urgent need of contributions of every kind, including clothing for invalids and money to provide for the proper nursing and comfort of the same. All funds, etc., sent to these societies are directly applied to the immediate wants of wounded soldiers, and to meet the daily increasing expenditure which the war entails, a very urgent appeal is just now being made to the charitable who are in the position to give personal contributions to this very deserving work.

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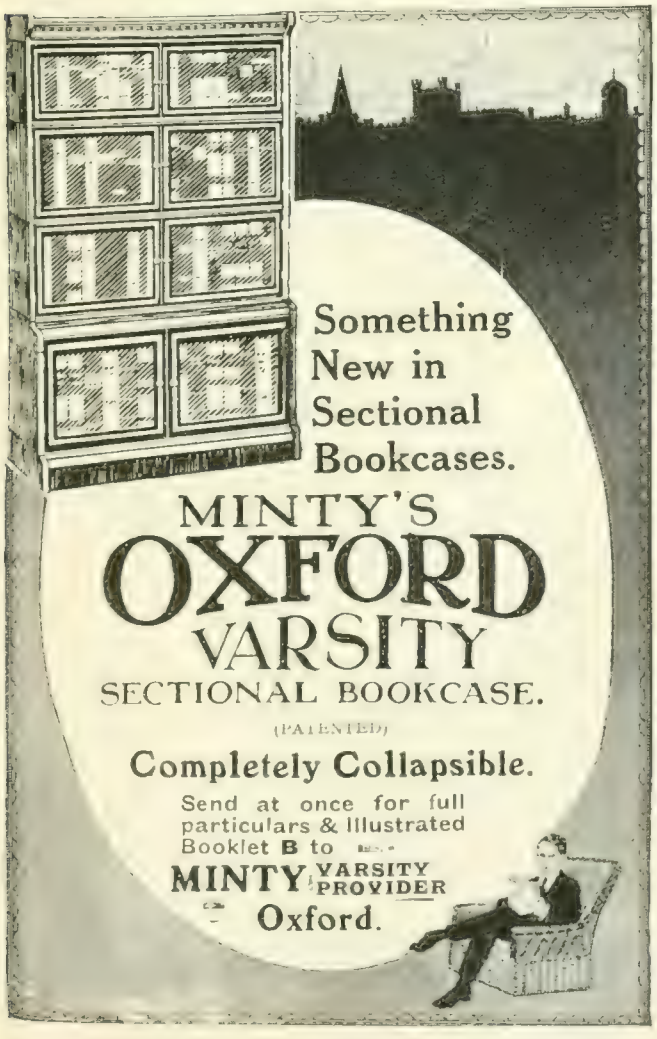

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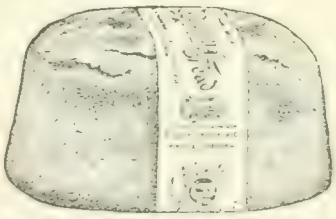

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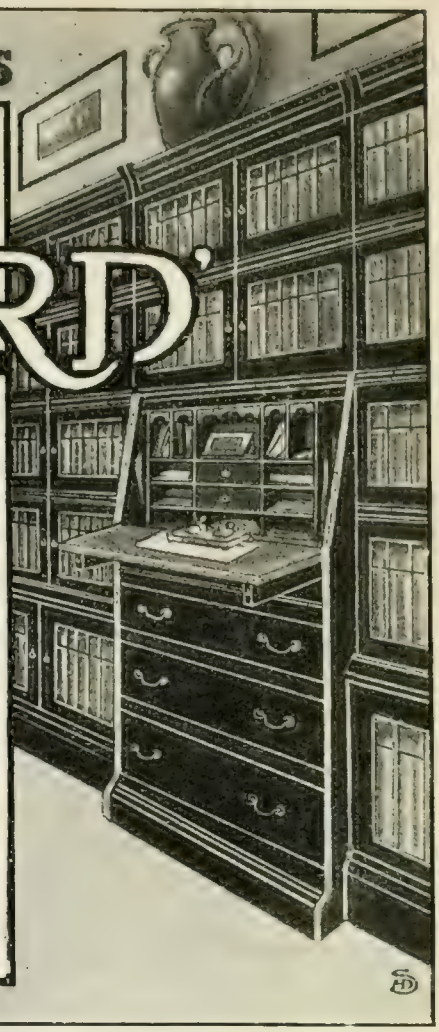

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Facing first matter.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1915

Visions of Argos

By Maurice Hewlett

I.—LACEDAEMON.

I saw Helen between two men,
Sleek and aware as a schooled hen
Of the man on either side
Stalking by her: the one blue-eyed,
A silent, proud and kingly head
That cared not show his fever of dread
Of what was lost that had been won,
Golden-haired, afire in the sun.

The other was dark, with a flusht face
And smiling eyes, a foreign grace
In all his bearing of glancing eye,
Quick hands and courtesy.
Paris was he, to whose wild mood
Woman's body was drink and food,
And women's tears a whet to the meat.
She bent her eyes towards her feet,
Keeping her round face grave and pure;
Yet askances peered, most sure
How over her their fierce looks met,
One possessing, and one to get.

All my eyes were for this feat,
Thin, still woman whose body sweet,

Willowy-slim and dainty-small,
Should hold the world ten years in thrall,
And all men patient to possess,
Like leopards watching a leopardess.
She lookt the emblem of constancy,
Whose eyes were like the blue of the sea,
Far-set, full of dream,
Ringed with dark. But I saw the gleam
Of quick fancy come and go
Like fires on the sea which the waves throw
Suddenly and then drown in the night;
And I knew her huntress of dear delight
And high desire beyond our ken,
Not to be sated by love of men.

And thus they past, and glimmer'd small
Under Taygetus, like a wall
Flung by giants to shut God up
In Lacedaemon, the grass-green cup.

II.—SPERCHEIOS.

Not where the river seeks the sea
In gather'd volume like a tide
After his vext and tumbled course
Betwixt high Oeta and high Othrys,
Where his flung foam flies high and free
Like the mane of a fed horse;
Not where cliff and precipice
Drive him deep and spur his force;
Nor where adown the mountain slide
In sheeted might his green flood pours,
And brinking trees shake at the sound—
But rather where his eddies glide
Among the reeds, in the puddled ground
Where cattle drink, where sky is wide
Above, about, and all around
The grass burns like an emerald,
There at dusk I saw her come,
But never heard her quick footfall,
A shy, quiet woman all alone,
Stealing softfoot, as to a call

Of her own need and hope, from home,
And not for another's hope and need.
By the river, on the verge
She sat and watcht the even surge;
And waited, with a dark blue veil
Shrouding her. Her face showed pale.
Her looks were what great lovers have.

Like a young man eager and tall
And naked and most masterful
Uprose Spercheios from his wave,
And went to her, and by her side
Sat; and his hands put back the wide
Curtains of her shrouding hood,
Lover not to be withstood.
This was the Spirit of the River,
Both her meat and her meat-giver.
Close and long they looked, and next
Closelier pressing, breast to breast
Lay, to murmur and to kiss;
Then he made a sudden stroke for bliss,
And she aswoon was all his own.
Still they lay, and night came down,
And cover'd them and what they did
In the hot dark where they lay hid.

And so they lay in love until
The moon was high over the hill—
A full white moon that burnt a lake
Of brown about her bright intake,
Which blurr'd her silver on the blue.
And then he left her and sank from view
In his own deep-eddying flow;
But she lay still as loath to go,
Then hooded herself and slow did pass
By her path trod in the grass;
And soon her blue was lost in the night's.

III.—OFF ITHACA.

On the swept deck by my side
Stood a lady eager-eyed,

With dawn's rose-colour in her face,
And parted lips, and quick quiet ways
Which did the thing that was to do
Stilly, as if to get it thro'
Without turning her gaze from all
The glory beyond. She was not tall,
But just so high that she might rest
Her fair round cheek on a man's breast
And with upcast eyes see his look down
Wonderfully into her own
Until, all tremblingly and husht,
Stooping a little, his lips brusht
Hers; but if she would turn in his arm,
Tiptoe must clasp, and give her warm
Body and mouth to his desire.
Even so tall was she; but her fire
Was cold and glittering, like that ice
In highest Alp which crisps and flies
Underfoot like diamond-dust.
I lookt upon her, and deep trust
Fill'd my heart to know her sharing,
True, sweet mate, my thoroughfaring.
She was a goddess; for on her head
She had a helm with wings upspread.
Upon a spear with both hands graspt
She leaned, and her sea-blue cloak was claspt
Below the breasts by golden snakes.
Her eyes were light blue, as the lakes
In mountain countries where the sun
Drinks the colour; but they shone
Now with a strange unearthly light
Beaten back from the sea. All white
Were sea and sky, and in white mist
Lay the land of our long tryst,
Hidden, mountains, river and plain.

One Night

By Millicent Sutherland

I WALKED into a moon of gold last night
Across grey sands she seemed to shine so bright.

Wide, wide the sands until I met the sea,
Cradle of moons, yet searchlights followed me.

I asked the moon if creeping round the Zones
She had seen good, or only poor things' bones.

"Pale faces I have seen, unconscious men
Bereft of struggling horror now and then.

"And sinking ships I see, and floating mines,
And cries I hear, 'O God,' and choking whines.

"But later when the stars shine on the wave
And give more light, I know the dead die brave.

"Passing so quickly from the things that count
Count to all mortal thoughts, to find the Fount,

"Where angels pour elixir into bowls,
Drink, not for broken hearts, but thirsty souls."

"And what on shore?" I asked, "the great Divide
Where rivers run, and trenches side by side?

"There," the moon said, "the snow was on the ground
And the frost pinched me as I beamed around.

"Red pools of gore, and ghastly shadows lay
In deep dug corners, so I sank away.

"Let misty cloudlets sweep across my face
To hide the earth, and give me heart of grace.

"Sudden the air seemed filled with eager breath
Of great Adventurers, released from death,

"And shaking blood from out their eyes and hair
Shouting for further knowledge here and there.

"I lighted these across the treacherous Path
To reach the garden of Life's aftermath.

"And as they sped in troops the great guns boomed,
With flashes lightning swift, and dark hordes loomed,

"And phantom shapes of patient warrior bands—
Then more snow fell and shrouded all the lands."

* * * * * *

Now pondering from the moon I turned again,
Over the sands, back to our House of Pain.

British Hospital,
Malo, Dunkirk, France.

Give Me to Write of Simple Things

By Percy Thomas

Give me to write of simple things,
Babes of the heart-imaginings:
Mine be the fairy-sandalled song,
Gossamer-dight as it trips along.
Give me to sing of a little child,
With laughing eyes and ringlets wild,
Playing mid sunbeams on the grass,
Chasing the butterflies as they pass,
Gleefully picking with chubby hand
The daisies adorning that babyland.
Give me to sing of the little waves
That softly ripple in sandy caves.
Give me to sing of my tiny boat
With the milk-white sail, as it lies afloat,
Still, 'neath the moon, by the rocks below
Where the mirror-like waters ebb and flow.
Give me to sing of the tranquil hour
When midnight comes with soothing dower
Of elfin fancies wandering by
To the bourn of dreamland tenderly.
And give me to sing at last of love;
But not of the passion that soars above
To flash like a meteor through the sky,
But of love that prospers playfully:
Of love that comes to a dainty maid,
And a boy who is bold yet half afraid,
Who woos with laughter and wins a kiss
Whilst her love is yet but a chrysalis.
The simplest songs give me, O Muse,
Whatever other men may choose.

To the British Public

By S. R. Lysaght

COUNT on yourselves, not on the victories
Of Russia; number not the captured guns,
Nor the Archangel Host, while Hell o'erruns
The fields of France, and nears our seas and skies.
Leave fools to babble about Royal spies,
Nor heed awhile those tales of cultured Huns
Who maim the children and dishonour nuns,
And drink astride the vats at Pommery's.

Enough! Our men are few, their hearts are great!
Redeem those ten long years of sloth wherein
You put your trust in football and Berlin,
And lulled no more by lies that underrate
Your foe, fling all your strength and all your hate
Against his forces, and, by God, you'll win!

Three Studies

By S. H. McGrady

THE CLOCK.

I was fascinated by it from the first. Every detail of that evening is engraved vividly upon my memory. I was wandering slowly through the streets among the multitudes of men and women returning from their toil when I caught a glimpse of the clock in a brilliantly lighted shop window. It was just an ordinary clock, no doubt, to most people, but to me who had led a life of seclusion, who had nothing in common with the rest of humanity, and whose only interest in mankind was to observe it from a distance, it was quite novel.

Everybody has been hard on me since I was a boy. They seem instinctively to take a dislike to me for some reason or other. I don't know why. Perhaps because I have a strange face, and cannot be happy in the way others are. And so I have lived my life alone, without even a servant. Yet my heart is all right if people only knew it. But they never have—nor ever will. Bah! what does it matter? I hate them all.

But to return to the clock. It was not, as I have said, like any other clock I had seen in my life of seclusion. It was made of brass, and supported by two pillars of the same metal. Between these two pillars there hung from the clock a large and heavy pendulum, which did not swing from side to side, but—and this was the curious thing in my inexperienced eyes—turned round and round, first in one direction, and then in the other. This clock when wound up would go without stopping for a thousand days.

I was delighted with my purchase, and returning home as quickly as my old limbs would allow me, placed the clock upon the mantel-shelf. Very carefully I wound it up, giving the pendulum a slight spin. Slowly the solid

disc revolved on the thin steel wire which supported it, only to turn back again in the opposite direction.

I loved that clock. I could sit for hours watching the silent mechanical revolutions of the pendulum. Why it was so I know not. All I can say is that such was the case. I was delighted, fascinated, like a child with a new toy—I who have passed the three score years and ten allotted to man.

When coming down in the morning, or returning from a walk in the streets, the first thing I did was to glance at the clock, to see if it were still going. A thousand days to pass before it would be necessary to wind it up again! The thought gave me indescribable pleasure. I was constantly watching that ever-moving, silent pendulum. When reading, for example, I would pause from time to time, perhaps to rest my eyes, and observe the clock.

As I said before, I loved that clock. But gradually I began to feel that there was one objection to it. Accustomed as I am to silence, there was a particular silence about that clock which after a time began to irritate me. I could understand inanimate things not making any sound, but it seemed to me that since the pendulum moved the clock ought to tick, or, at any rate, to make a slight noise of some kind. Strange as it may seem, I was annoyed. I felt that I would give anything for it to break the silence—that it ought to break the silence—that it must break the silence. But day after day, week after week, the pendulum revolved, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, without the slightest sound, silently as before.

Then slowly a different feeling came over me with regard to the clock. I was still fascinated—more than ever, in fact—but the fascination ceased to give me any pleasurable feeling. The clock still fascinated me, still by some inexpressible, mysterious influence drew my gaze upon it; but the sensations excited were no longer agreeable. I know not how it was, but I began to get more and more irritated, and at last my love was changed into hatred. A clock!—hatred!—you smile, but you do not understand.

Yes; I had come to hate the clock. It is useless to try to explain why. But so it was. Somehow I began to feel its presence wherever I went. Wandering at night in the streets I pictured the old marble mantel-shelf in the room,

and upon it this clock, with the silent pendulum ever moving. At night I started from my sleep with a cry of terror, for even there escape was impossible. Always it was with me—ever revolving—ever silent; on! on! on! I hated it, I feared it; and yet it fascinated me.

I locked up the room in which it stood, for I could sit there no longer. When the clock had stopped I could return, but until then I must live elsewhere. I tried to forget its existence. I read my books, went longer walks; even attempted once or twice to start a conversation with people—only they seemed to avoid me. All to no purpose. The alluring influence of the clock was upon me. Fight how I would I could not shake off the enchantment. Always it seemed to be tempting me to open the door, to be drawing me into the room, to be calling me to gaze upon it. I fought, I struggled—but somehow I felt, even as I did so, that resistance was useless, that sooner or later I was bound to submit.

I contended with the strength of despair. Come what might I would never yield. But the more I struggled the stronger was the attraction. I became fierce and desperate. Fear was upon me. I could neither eat nor sleep, could do nothing but sit in despair. Often I would rush from the house resolving never to return, but after wandering for hours in the darkness through the countless streets would find myself back once more.

At last, driven almost mad with desperation, I could stand it no longer, but resolved by one bold stroke to put an end to my fear for ever. Firm and determined, I took an axe in my hand and approached the door. I stood without a moment to summon my strength for one great effort. Then quickly I turned the key and rushed into the room, raising the axe to strike.

Yet my hand remained suspended in the air, and then dropped helplessly to my side. My eyes were fixed on the clock, watching the silent revolutions of the pendulum. I trembled with fear. Sinking on my knees, I covered my face with my hands. Oh, that awful moment!—the terror!—the agony! I closed my eyes; I pressed my fingers tightly against them in order to shut out the awful fascination.

Then, leaping to my feet, I rushed wildly from the

house, seeking for some place of refuge—never to return. But as I ran the fearful thing haunted me, engraved eternally upon my brain. I could feel the heavy pendulum silently turning in my head, and shrieked aloud with agony. Falling down on the ground I prayed them to protect me, to save me.

* * * * * * *

Always, night and day, it is with me—that silent clock of brass, with its revolving pendulum, standing there upon the mantel-shelf. Some strange people have brought me to this place. They are very kind, but they do not understand. They promise that I am never to be sent back there. I am weak and ill—and so afraid. I am haunted—I tremble—the brass clock is always with me. But I am old—old—old and weary. I fear the awful visions, and pray for rest.

"A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY."

You ask, friends, if I would be willing, given the opportunity, to live my life over again—to experience day by day and year by year the fortunes of the past, to meet the old comrades and foes, to fight the same battles, to give and take the same hard blows. It is a hard question for an old legionary veteran. But, on the whole, I think I would take the chance, the gods offering it, if I could miss out one thing.

I think I see again the Cohorts in motion, with the Eagles glittering in the front, among the wild mountains of Dacia. I can scarcely lift the pilum now: yet how often has this right hand launched it through corslet and bone. And after having hurled the pilum we fell upon them with the double-edged sword—although it is the thrust rather than the cut which inflicts the more dangerous wound, besides leaving one's own body less exposed.

Yes; I would live my life over again—excepting, as I said before, a single incident. For what better life is there than that of a soldier? To march in the sun and the rain, to throw up the mound of the camp, to lie all night before the blazing fire. How we old comrades used to grumble at the hardships we loved. And what better death? How

much happier to fall in the gladness of battle, smitten by barbarian arrow, than to sit here, as I do, waiting—waiting for the end. Guarding the frontiers of the Empire, how many wounds have I received—and given.

This scar on the left shoulder. . . . I have carried it—the mark of my first battle—for nearly fifty years. We of the thirteenth legion, following Antonius Primus in the cause of Vespasian, were attacked by the Vetellian army not far from Cremona. I shall never forget that first fight in the darkness, Roman against Roman, with the same weapons and methods of fighting.

They had collected their engines on the Via Postumia, and the huge stones were mowing down our lines. "Come, boy," whispered, half in jest, an old veteran—I never knew his name—"let us cut the ropes of yonder engine." So, mad with the lust of battle, or we should never have dared it, snatching up shields used by the Vetellianists from a heap of slain, we thus disguised crawled through the bushes, and mingled boldly and unrecognised with the ranks of the enemy. Then in a moment we severed the ropes and strings of the great ballista. Immediately a dozen weapons were turned against us, and we fell, the old veteran pierced through and through; I, protected by the fates, with only this wound in the shoulder. And there, among the bodies of the foe, with the corpse of my comrade above me, I lay until the morning.

Yes; I served in Britain—ten years altogether, mostly under the great Agricola. It was said that Domitian poisoned him through envy. I should not wonder, for he was a great man. Never shall I forget how he led us into the strongholds of the Ordovices, or how we scattered and pursued into the woods the fierce Caledonians. Aye; a fierce and brave people, but they lack steadiness.

But you ask what is the one incident which causes me regret, which if I lived my life over again I would miss out.

It is nearly fifty years—just before the reign of Claudius—since I was enrolled as a legionary soldier. We were stationed for a short time in the province of Lydia, and a wild life we young recruits led when the long hours of military training—with weapons double the weight of those used in battle, with marching, leaping, and swimming—were over.

One evening, along the hilly road which leads to Ephesus, there came a solitary traveller.

He was insignificant enough—a man small in stature, stout, bow-legged, and by no means robust. His face was bearded, his head bald, and his speech halting. Yet withal —in spite of his physical disadvantages—there was a winning grace about the man which seemed in some mysterious way to banish all feelings of hostility, and to make his presence delightful. He came up to us rough soldiers, and greeted us as easily and confidently as if he were an old comrade.

"Lads," said he, smiling around at us, "how far to Ephesus?"

We had been drinking wine—the training of recruits engenders thirst. I have tasted the wines of many regions, from the brews of the Germans to sparkling Falernian (which to-night—health, friends!—warms up the blood of an old soldier). It is curious how much more wine some can drink than others, and how differently it affects different people. One man becomes gay and talkative, another dull and morose: some are at their best when not sober, others become wild beasts. For myself, my head could never endure much wine. A cup or so, and I am as affected as others after a night's carousing. I could not (woeful thought!) drink myself to death if I wished. At first I am light-headed and merry, and then suspicious and quarrelsome.

This being so, the charm of manner of this stranger irritated me beyond measure. By what right did this insignificant-looking barbarian presume to address me with such easy familiarity. And laughing boisterously I reeled towards him, and smote him heavily on the mouth.

"There," I shouted, mimicking his stammering tone, "that is the way to Ephesus."

The stranger did not flinch, nor his expression change. He stood there unmoved, with the same smile playing upon his bleeding lips, with a look upon his face noble and hardly reproachful. There was something about the man —I know not what; it is indescribable—which made me feel as I had never felt before, as I have never felt since—except when I remember that cowardly blow.

Half-drunk as I was, I turned away, my heart burning

with shame. My rough comrades, too, were ashamed. The laughter ceased, and then several of them hastened to direct the stranger on his way. We remained standing in silence, watching the departing figure proceeding slowly along the straight white road, until the hill hid him from our sight.

That is the incident which, if my life had to be lived over once more, I would wish to be omitted. I never saw the stranger again. Yet all my life I have thought of him, and wondered who he was. And, most of all, I have pondered over the words he uttered, half in jest, yet withal seriously, too, as he turned to go: "Paul, a fellow-soldier, salutes you."

DAFT JOEY.

I never knew his real name. The boys in the street used to call him "Daft Joey." He lived somewhere in the maze of houses where wretched and filthy humanity are herded together.

Daft Joey was about five feet in height, with a humped-back which pressed in his chest so as to make breathing difficult. Although almost an imbecile he was in many ways extraordinarily sharp and cunning. Without turning his head he could watch what was taking place on either side of him, and an observer on the right or left would find the whole of the pupil craftily fixed in his direction.

I saw him first at church, where he was a regular attendant, sitting always in exactly the same place. He appeared to know the whole of the service by heart, even the hymns and psalms, and often during prayers or the sermon tears would trickle through the fingers which covered his face.

After that he chanced to come to my surgery to get something for a troublesome cough. Who could look upon his deformed body and mind without pity?

What was life to this misshapen thing? Better a thousand times that he had never been born. Or, if born, he should have been at once painlessly destroyed. Among savages such a being could never have existed for any length of time. But civilisation, with the absurd senti-

mentality which it misnames pity, was too weak-nerved to strike. Anyhow, he had been permitted to live, and this being so, his existence ought to be made as endurable as possible.

I gave him something for the cough. After that he often came to see me for some reason or other. He evidently took a fancy to me, perhaps because I was one of the few people kind to him. He must have appeared positively loathsome to the majority of people, but doctors are more accustomed to such disgusting sights, and hence feel less aversion.

Anyhow, Daft Joey frequently came to see me. At first he said little, no doubt because cunning distrust was part of his crafty nature; but gradually he became less reticent. Some days, when nearer sanity than at others, he would confide in me details concerning his life—how he sold papers and carried parcels, what people said of him, about the fit which carried off his mother, and a thousand other details. These interviews were generally ended by my saying:

"Well, Joey, I must get to work again."

Daft Joey, taking the coin put into his hand, would answer as he toddled from the room:

"There ain't many as is kind to poor Joey."

Afterwards I could hear him in the street, singing with his harsh, croaking voice:

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

There came a time, however, when Daft Joey did not visit me for a considerable period. At last, when I was beginning to think that possibly death was the cause of his absence, in he came.

On this occasion, however, there was something different about Daft Joey which I could not understand. His quick glance seemed, if possible, more cunning than usual, and there was a curious smile upon his lips which I had never before noticed. He seemed several times as if he were about to inform me of something, but always he hesitated. At last I said:

"Well, Joey, what is it?"

After a long pause Daft Joey replied:

"It'll surprise you no end . . . you'd never guess such a thing could be . . . "

"What?"

"You see, Doctor, it was pity first; and pity, as the saying is . . ."

"Well?"

"Pity was changed into liking, Doctor."

"Liking?"

"Why, you see, Doctor, it was pity first of all, and then it came to liking. . . ."

"Bless me, Joey, you are obscure. What do you mean?"

"Can't you guess, Doctor," croaked Daft Joey. "I'm going to be married."

"Married!" I sprang to my feet, and gazed at the thing before me, looked at him as I had never looked before, saw the loathsome face and body, the twisted mind, saw the foul misshapen imbecile. Daft Joey shrank whining into a corner.

In that one moment, as I stood there, I felt the horror of it all, the criminality of pity. To think of this thing marrying, to think of some woman—blinded by this curse of sentimentality—united to this, to think of the offspring! Good God!

In an instant my mind was made up. I strode to the door and locked it. I hastened to the telephone and gave my message. I sat down at the desk and wrote.

Shortly afterwards wheels were heard to stop in the street. Next came the clang of the bell, followed by the sound of footsteps in the hall. Then I opened the door. The men recognised me, and stepped into the surgery.

"Not violent you said, sir?"

"There he is," said I, pointing to Daft Joey.

The Wares of Autolycus

By R. W. Burgess

"My revenue is the silly cheat."—
Winter's Tale, Act IV., Scene 2.

"Autolycus—a rogue"; thus we find him labelled, without equivocation or excuse, in *The Winter's Tale*. A rogue of merry wit, who would pick your pocket to the lilt of a joyous song, in the days when Bohemia was on the sea-coast and good King Polixenes reigned over that Arcadian land. A rogue well versed in the frailties and vanities of mankind, dazzling the rustic maidens of Bohemia with his tawdry wares, and with ballad and showman's patter charming money from the pockets of their swains. Other times, other manners. The joy of life has faded from his antitype of later days, though the roguery remains unchanged. Who can picture the Weary Willie of to-day, with his tray of bootlaces and collar-studs, breaking forth into spontaneous song?

So long as work is wearisome and fools abound, so long the tribe of Autolycus will flourish. Lineal descendants there are in the City to-day who, emulating the margarine merchants, will present to you, free, gratis, and for nothing, two bonus shares in some wondrous oil company with every share you pay for. Others are on the point of closing a mystic deal in "Western Unions," in which you may participate if you send £10 or more by the next post, thereby reaping at least 400 per cent. profit, with no possible chance of loss. The philanthropist who sends you those charming private letters on the approach of quarter-day, from an address off Piccadilly, is descended from a collateral branch—the McShylocks, of Glasgow.

Humble members of the fraternity are still met with throughout the length and breadth of the land, following in

the footsteps of their great prototype. We have all suffered from their attentions, especially during our summer holiday by the sea: well we know their trashy wares, bootlaces, combs, scissors, and knives, and other sundries that they thrust upon our notice, all being of one uniform quality, the worst obtainable at the lowest possible price. The warehouse whence they obtain their daily supply of merchandise is usually a feeble, indeterminate place of business touching the ragged edge of many trades, hidden away in some dingy quarter of the town. Often it is the old-established shop of some small wholesale dealer that has outlived the prosperity of former days, the present owner now catching at any straw that may help to keep him afloat.

Of such is the establishment of William Turnpenny. Within a hundred yards of his door the tide of commerce ebbs and flows along the main highway as the stream of humanity surges back and forth between the sea-front and the lodging-houses, but scarce a ripple disturbs the tranquillity of the little business backwater wherein the waterlogged craft of Turnpenny lies slowly sinking into the mud. The entrance to this quarter—a narrow, crooked street of ancient houses, leading to nowhere in particular—attracts few chance visitors, save now and again an artist in search of architectural relicts of the time when the brilliant town was but a small fishing village.

In early days, while yet the railway was a thing to marvel at, and the lamplighter on his round, carrying his ladder over his shoulder, still drew a following of ragged children, this was the main business quarter of the town, where ancestors of the house of Turnpenny, placid, easy-going citizens, had waxed fat and prosperous supplying the needs of the smaller shopkeepers of the countryside. Many and varied were their needs: tin kettles and saucepans, brushes and brooms, pins and needles, cotton, tape and laces, and such-like small wares; also marbles, peg-tops, and wooden hoops in their appointed seasons—for all these sports have, or had, their seasons—the carriers' carts that started from the yard of the "Dragon's Head" close by, serving for transport to village and hamlet as yet remote from the railway.

The quarter has fallen on parlous times. Some few shops there are that still make pretence of seeking public

custom, but their goods are not displayed with the brazen shamelessness of the High Street.

William Turnpenny's shop, in these evil days, is a compromise of many crafts. Even William himself seems in doubt as to his definite calling. Upon the facia board, and painted on the upper part of the window, appears the legend:

WILLIAM TURNPENNY,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL HARDWAREMAN
WHOLESALE TOY DEALER AND HABERDASHER.
SHOPS AND HAWKERS SUPPLIED
AT LONDON PRICES.

When first he succeeded to his inheritance, William had visions of cultivating the retail ironmongery branch, as the tentacles of London were already getting a strangle hold upon his country customers, and to the eye the shop appears to be an ironmonger's, of sorts, a pile of iron buckets and other emblems of the trade cumbering the entrance; while just within the doorway stands a pyramid of iron saucepans, flanked by a row of rusty frying-pans suspended in front of the counter.

Finding to his sorrow that he could attract none but the most poverty-stricken of housewives in search of cheaper goods than the orthodox tradesman supplied, driven to the wall, he was forced against his will to develop the hawkers' trade, the most unsavoury branch of his business, but the only one showing any sign of vitality.

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In a cavernous recess at the back of the shop we find the hawkers' counter, with a youthful acolyte in attendance to minister to the needs of the fraternity. It is a war-worn veteran of a counter, cut, dented, and scarred, with the grime of ages well worked into its ancient surface. A rub with a paraffin rag serves to disinfect and cleanse it daily. The lingering odour of paraffin, combined with that of iron-rust and other elusive essences, forms the distinctive atmosphere of the place.

Slinking furtively into the shop as soon as the shutters are down comes the "Sheffield Cutler," a burly, well-fed ruffian, scowling, unshorn and unwashed, exhaling fumes

of stale beer and shag. Two fingers are missing from his left hand—a valuable asset in his line of business, lending artistic verisimilitude to his pathetic tale of the grindstone accident which wrecked his small workshop, forcing him to tramp the country with his stock of hand-forged scissors and knives.

Pity for his misfortune, in nowise akin to love for his person, will put him on a daily average two pairs of scissors ahead of his nearest rival.

His stock he carries in a roll, lined with chamois leather, fitted with loops to hold scissors and knives, and a very attractive show they make when displayed.

His stock is low, but so are his finances, and the salesman refuses to be bullied into giving credit. After much grumbling, and fumbling in the depths of his pockets, he produces ninepence, wherewith to pay for two pairs of scissors, carefully polishing the handles with a grubby fragment of emerycloth, and drawing the edges of the blades across his greasy hair, which imparts a certain smoothness of action to them, before placing them in his roll. He will now make a house-to-house visitation, telling his tale of woe with a colourable imitation of the Northern burr overlaying his native dialect of Whitechapel, offering his scissors to the sympathetic "lady of the house" at half a crown apiece. Should she prove obdurate he will sacrifice the odd sixpence to effect a sale. He is selling regardless of cost.

Before the searching fragrance of his personality has faded from the air of the shop a sour-visaged woman, thin and melancholy, drifts towards the counter.

She wears a drab-coloured shawl over her head, draped after the manner of the factory-girl of the North country; but her blear-eyed, dismal face and whining voice brand her as a fraud, having nothing in common with the sturdy, independent worker that her costume faintly suggests.

Her requirements are "Torchon" and "Valenciennes" lace. Pathetic and appealing is her manner, and her price is fourpence per dozen yards. On fivepence per dozen being demanded—which she well knows is the correct charge—the pathos evaporates, and the climax is reached when the salesman refuses to supply less than twelve yards. From appeal she descends to shrill abuse until, the great

William appearing from his lair, her flow of language is cut short with hints of the police.

Outraged in her tenderest feelings, and still grumbling viciously, she reluctantly pays up, and, unwinding her purchases, she arranges her wares in a frilly heap in her basket, with seductive loops and ends drooping outside.

The principle on which she acts when shopping seems to be much the same as that of the street musician—that if sufficient annoyance is caused a sacrifice will be made for the sake of peace.

This harpy will presently be found trapesing along the beach with bowed head and tearful eye, a whimpering infant in her arms, her fingers busy knitting a piece of edging that never increases in length.

The appeal of the infant is the master-touch, a power to move the hearts of those few lady visitors whose sympathy remains proof against her pitiful tale of Nottingham laceworkers driven forth into the cruel world by the advent of machinery.

Dire misfortune alone can have brought our next visitor to this underworld of commerce. He is known to Turnpenny and his acolyte as the Button man. Several times he has swiftly passed the entrance, as though on his way to some appointment, waiting until the coast is clear, as he shuns the company of the hawkers' counter. Though his hat and boots are in the last stages of decay, an effort has been made to render them presentable. His dilapidated frock coat, tightly buttoned, and his correctly-creased trousers, shortened by the constant trimming of the frayed edges, have plainly been built for their present wearer in far-off days by a tailor of repute.

There is something in his military carriage, fastidious personal cleanliness, and cultivated refinement of speech and manner that disdains pity and compels respect. Transactions with his tradesman are still maintained upon a strictly business footing.

Turnpenny, himself a victim of "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," waits upon him personally, with a courtesy and attention unwarranted by the value of his purchases. To offer charity in any form would be an insult, but William gladly extends to his fellow-sufferer some small meed of credit on occasion.

He deals only in buttons—linen buttons, imitation pearl buttons, boot buttons—any sort that cost no more than threepence to sixpence per gross, a very usual price in this class of trade.

With a stock representing perhaps half a crown in value the Button man carries on the smallest "wholesale" business on record, calling upon the most squalid of all shopkeepers, those who trade in the front room of a slum cottage, exposing for sale, behind a grimy window-pane, a few oranges, a jar or two of sticky sweets, and a tray of needles and pins and kindred small wares.

What sufferings he endures in his desperate struggle to preserve the last shreds of self-respect he alone can tell. Should he by some miracle of fortune return unto his kingdom, he can at least maintain with truth that he is free from the taint of retail trade.

Now comes in a very different figure. Jaunty, assured, and free of speech, he smacks of flaring naphtha lamps and street-corner patter. Again we have a "cutler," but of a different type from our Northern friend of this morning. He demands half a gross of "Jacks," a square-pointed, heavy-bladed scissor, the acme of the cheap and nasty. They are made of cast iron, roughly polished, and in the hands of the normal man will cut nothing. The price is half a crown a dozen, and our breezy friend planks down his fifteen shillings, tells old William a story that makes his eyes blink, convulses the boy behind the counter with a howler from his cheap-Jack repertoire, and gaily departs.

You will find him after dark at the corner of a busy street, with the scissors piled in a glittering heap, under a blazing flare, demonstrating to the crowd the virtues of his wondrous shears. First, to prove their power, he slices up old biscuit tins with consummate ease; then to show that the edge is still intact, he cuts a strip of tissue paper into tiny fragments. They are the very shears of Atropus, and cheap at a shilling, which is all he asks. Trade waxes fast and furious as the crowd thickens; he keeps his audience in a ripple of laughter with his flow of chaff and racy humour, and by ten o'clock he has sold out. All honour to his strength of wrist and jaw.

Now comes another of the hangdog, slinking type, glancing right and left before entering, to see if haply a

policeman, the mortal foe of all his tribe, may have marked him down. He works the old needle fraud, and his favourite victim is the young newly-married housewife, of ready sympathy and innocent of guile. For many years he has carried on the game, but it still seems profitable as ever.

Two thousand needles per day he contrives to foist upon the charitably-minded. He pays for them but tenpence a thousand. They are the veriest rubbish of the factory, damaged and defective throw-outs, but they have eyes and points of a sort, and are packed in the orthodox manner, twenty-five in each ornate packet, duly labelled "Best egg-eyed needles, assorted."

He has with him twenty copies of the following letter, laboriously written out on cheap notepaper :—

"DEAR MADAM,—I am a Redditch needle-maker out of work my business ruined by the big factories with new machinery which I could not afford to buy it. My wife and children is starving and I must sell my stock of needles this way to buy them food. This envelope contains one hundred of the best needles that can be made and I will take sixpence for them. I ask you out of charity to buy them this letter will be called for."

With this sweet and touching epistle four packets of the alleged needles are enclosed, and he goes forth to sow the good seed. After a restful interval for liquid refreshment, he gathers in the harvest from the twenty safe houses that he has selected for the day.

Like the rest of us, he has his troubles. A policeman appearing on point-duty near the field of his endeavour may delay the harvest and compel him to go thirsty for many weary hours. A dishonest housekeeper may refuse to render up either his goods or the price thereof; then, indeed, is his wrathful language like unto a fiery furnace; but on the whole he reaps a fair reward for his labours, and seldom wants for beer.

Hobbling into the shop leaning on his staff comes a genuine pilgrim of the road. From his back, bent with the weight of years, he slowly lowers an old-time pedlar's pack to the floor, turning to the salesman a smiling face, wrinkled and brown as a faded russet, lit by a pair of small twinkling

blue eyes. He is clad in honest corduroy, tied in below the knee, and his heavy hobnailed boots are caked with the mud of the South Downs. About him clings the spirit of the open road, the sunshine and rain of the countryside and the windswept spaces of the hills. The murky old shop seems more dark and dingy than before.

No gaolbird is this old veteran, afraid to pass the policeman at the street corner. He is a cheerful philosopher, with a simple scheme of life. Throughout the summer he tramps the hills with his pack, calling at isolated cottages and small farmhouses, where he is sure of a welcome and a meal, or a straw shakedown in the barn, accumulating as he goes a small store of cash wherewith to replenish his stock as occasion arises.

In the winter, or when crippled by rheumatism, he retires contentedly to the workhouse—the only home he has ever known. He is not of our time, and there will be none to shoulder his pack when he has tramped his last road.

His small purchases are soon made, and he plods steadily on his way toward the shepherd's cottage, hidden in a fold of the downs, eight good miles away from the town. There his genial old face is well known, and he is assured of shelter for the night.

Small and scanty are his earnings. In this, as in other professions, it is the specialist who makes the big income.

From his little glass-windowed office Turnpenny signals a hasty warning to clear the counter of all loose odds and ends. The assistant sweeps the litter of open packages and boxes into a heap, transferring all to a safe harbour below the counter, to be sorted and rearranged later on.

A hulking, beetle-browed scoundrel has just entered, accompanied by a virulent little spitfire of a woman. When pirates such as these appear in couples, decks must be cleared for action without delay.

The woman's face is adorned with a black eye, proof patent that the love of her lord has not yet faded into cold indifference. The pair are in the midst of a vitriolic domestic quarrel. From certain ripe and fruity epithets hurled at the man by his mate, one gathers that there is another woman in the case.

They call a truce on reaching the counter, and make common cause against Turnpenny, who, looking worried and anxious, personally awaits their pleasure. The woman carries a basket on her arm, covered by a voluminous shawl that is draped around her shoulders.

They play into one another's hands, the woman demanding cutlery; she is hard to please, and while she is making hay of William's stock of scissors the man is clamouring urgently for dressing combs. If only they can induce William to turn his back upon them for a moment the shawl and basket will come into action, and after abusing Turnpenny, his shop, his stock, and his prices, they will resume their own personal quarrel, and leave the premises without making a purchase, but not without having replenished their basket with some few unconsidered trifles.

Their habits are well known, however, and they are given no opportunity. The woman buys nothing—never had intended to buy anything, whilst the man selects half a dozen dressing combs of transparent yellow horn, splashed and mottled with red stain, price three shillings per dozen. These will be sold as hand-cut tortoiseshell, at any price from a shilling upwards.

The establishment is now honoured by a visit from the "Famous Oculist," a venerable grey-bearded old humbug. He carries glasses to correct any defect of vision from astigmatism to cataract, and his patients invariably find, after allowing him to test their sight with his curious little sliding spyglass, that their eyes are developing some unpronounceable malady that they have taken only just in time. He is artistic in his methods. A neat professional card and a printed list of testimonials, dropped in the letter-box of his selected victim, precede his visit and serve as an introduction. Once admitted to the house, his dignified air of professional wisdom is so convincing and his diagnosis so alarming that few escape. Not that he cares about selling his glasses, he will tell them; oh, dear no! Seeing so much in his London consulting rooms of the havoc wrought by neglect of the eyes, his tender heart has bled for his poorer brethren who cannot afford the enormous fee he is obliged to charge, and he has devoted his vacation to a crusade of philanthropy. His valuable advice is given free. The lenses he carries have been ground under his own super-

vision, and you may pay him for them according to your means.

He is a shy bird, and he is careful to see that there are no other customers in the shop before he will enter. He then rapidly transacts his business, buying a dozen pairs of German silver spectacles at seven shillings a dozen. There is a cheaper quality, at four shillings, but he will have nothing cheap. In justice to his patients he must have the best.

He carries a polished mahogany case, containing rows of spectacles, ostentatiously classified, specimens of Brazilian pebbles in various stages of manufacture, the sight-tester, and, crowning glory, a brilliantly-coloured diagram of an immense eye, with all its work exposed in stark, indecent nudity. This is sprinkled all over with letters of the alphabet, indicating the cornea, the crystalline lens, the retina, the iris diaphragm, the optic nerve, and other mysteries, upon all of which he will discourse learnedly and at length. Before his newly-acquired spectacles are eligible for a place in the cabinet, they must go through a secret process, in which a hammer and steel die play an important part, converting them from ordinary—very ordinary—glass lenses into pebbles of the highest grade, with the magic word stamped indelibly upon the soft metal of the side springs.

To change his name in each town he visits, never to leave an address, or to call again upon a patient once a sale is effected, are, of course, only the obvious business safeguards adopted by all his tribe.

Weary with much service bringing but small reward, Turnpenny and his youthful attendant are preparing to close the shop when a woebegone scarecrow wanders in, the last customer of the day. For two shillings he buys a box of three dozen "gold" rings—wedding rings and keepers. To dispose of them at four or five thousand per cent. profit might seem difficult to most of us, but to "Dismal Jimmie" it is quite a simple matter. All of us who have visited the coast know the beachcombers, melancholy derelicts of humanity who, after a storm, wander with downcast eyes along the edge of the surf, following each retreating wave in search of small treasures cast up by the sea. In the guise of a member of this mournful band we

find our friend pacing the shore in abject, hopeless misery, clutching his fluttering rags around him, paying no heed to the crowds of holiday-makers that swarm upon the beach.

See him, just where the crowd is thickest, pounce down and scrabble among the shingle in the backward surge of a wave, rise, and with a heavy gold ring in the palm of his hand, stand bewildered and dazed, scarce believing his eyes. Will there not be, among the little knot of curious onlookers that has quickly gathered round him, some one of them who has actually seen the treasure retrieved from the cruel sea, willing to give the poor fellow a few shillings for his find? He does not know the value of it, and thinks it may not be gold, but all wise folk know that gold is the only metal that will resist the corroding action of sea-water, and this solid, heavy ring is bright as a newly-minted sovereign. He says, quite truly, that he dare not go to a pawnshop with it, for fear of the police.

When he has exhausted the beach, he will find his rings in the gutters of the streets, but this method is more dangerous and less artistic, and the police are more difficult to locate.

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Year by year these craftsmen dwindle in numbers, and only those of nimble wit survive the attentions of the police. Their sons, educated by the ratepayers in our primary and secondary schools, qualify for the higher branches of the profession, and appeal to a wider but no less credulous public. They are found on every plane of life. In the City, the vendor of oil shares, giving something for nothing, if you will pay his price. In the Cabinet—but hold! we are on dangerous ground. This is not a political article, and we all know that our Cabinet Ministers are above reproach and have no dealings with the Wares of Autolycus.

Brought Forward

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The workshop in Parkhead was not inspiriting. From one week's end to another, all throughout the year, life was the same, almost without an incident. In the long days of the Scotch summer the men walked cheerily to work, carrying their dinner in a little tin. In the dark winter mornings they tramped in the black fog, coughing and spitting, through the black mud of Glasgow streets, each with a woollen comforter, looking like a stocking, round his neck.

Outside the dreary quarter of the town, its rows of dingy, smoke-grimed streets and the mean houses, the one outstanding feature was Parkhead Forge, with its tall chimneys belching smoke into the air all day, and flames by night. Its glowing furnaces, its giant hammers, its little railway trucks in which men ran the blocks of white-hot iron which poured in streams out of the furnaces, flamed like the mouth of hell.

Inside the workshop, the dusty atmosphere made a stranger cough on entering the door. The benches with the rows of aproned men all bending at their work, not standing upright, with their bare, hairy chests exposed, after the fashion of the Vulcans at the neighbouring forge, gave a half air of domesticity to the close stuffy room.

A semi-sedentary life quickened their intellect; for where men work together they are bound to talk about the topics of the day, especially in Scotland, where every man is a born politician and a controversialist. At meal-times, when they ate their "piece" and drank their tea that they had carried with them in tin flasks, each one was certain to draw out a newspaper from the pocket of his coat, and, after studying it from the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, down to the editor's address on the last page, fall a-disputing upon politics. "Man, a gran' speech by Bonar Law

aboot Home Rule. They Irish, set them up, what do they make siccan a din aboot? Ca' ye it Home Rule? I juist ca' it Rome Rule. A miserable, priest-ridden crew, the hale rick-ma-tick o' them."

The reader then would pause and, looking round the shop, wait for the answer that he was sure would not be long in coming from amongst such a thrawn lot of commentators. Usually one or other of his mates would fold his paper up, or perhaps point with an oil-stained finger to an article, and with the head-break in the voice, characteristic of the Scot about to plunge into an argument, ejaculate: "Bonar Law, ou aye, I kent him when he was leader of the South Side Parliament. He always was a dreary body, sort o' dreich like; no that I'm saying the man is pairfectly illiterate, as some are on his side o' the hoose, there in Westminister. I read his speech—the body is na blate, sort o' quick at figures, but does na take the pains to verify. Verification is the soul of mathematics. Bonar Law, eh! Did ye see how Maister Asquith trippit him handily in his tabulated figures on the jute business under Free Trade, showing that all he had advanced about protective tariffs and the drawback system was fair redeeklous . . . as well as several errors in the total sum."

Then others would cut in and words be bandied to and fro, impugning the good faith and honour of every section of the House of Commons, who, by the showing of their own speeches, were held to be dishonourable rogues aiming at power and place, without a thought for anything but their own ends.

This charitable view of men and of affairs did not prevent any of the disputants from firing up if his own party was impugned; for in their heart of hearts the general denunciation was but a covert from which to attack the other side.

In such an ambient the war was sure to be discussed; some held the German Emperor was mad—"a daft-like thing to challenge the whole world, ye see; maist inconsiderate, and shows that the man's intellect is no weel balanced . . . philosophy is whiles sort of unsettlin' . . . the felly's mad, ye ken."

Others saw method in his madness, and alleged that it was envy, "naething but sheer envy that had brought on

this tramplin' upon natural rights, but for all that he may be thought to get his own again, with they indemnities."

Those who had studied economics "were of opinion that his reasoning was wrong, built on false premises, for there can never be a royal road to wealth. Labour, ye see, is the sole creative element of riches." At once a Tory would rejoin, "And brains. Man, what an awfu' thing to leave out brains. Think of the marvellous creations of the human genius." The first would answer with, "I saw ye coming, man. I'll no deny that brains have their due place in the economic state; but build me one of your Zeppelins and stick it in the middle of George Square without a crew to manage it, and how far will it fly? I do not say that brains did not devise it; but, after all, labour had to carry out the first design." This was a subject that opened up enormous vistas for debate, and for a time kept them from talking of the war.

Jimmy and Geordie, hammering away in one end of the room, took little part in the debate. Good workmen both of them, and friends, perhaps because of the difference of their temperaments, for Jimmy was the type of red-haired, blue-eyed, tall, lithe Scot, he of the *perfervidum ingenium*, and Geordie was a thick-set, black-haired dour and silent man.

Both of them read the war news, and Jimmy, when he read, commented loudly, bringing down his fist upon the paper, exclaiming, "Weel done, Gordons!" or that "was a richt gude charge upon the trenches by the Sutherlands." Geordie would answer shortly "Aye, no sae bad," and go on hammering.

One morning, after a reverse, Jimmy did not appear, and Geordie sat alone working away as usual, but if possible more dourly and more silently. Towards midday it began to be whispered in the shop that Jimmy had enlisted, and men turned to Geordie to ask if he knew anything about it, and the silent workman, brushing the sweat off his brow with his coat-sleeve, rejoined: "Aye, ou aye, I went wi' him yestreen to the headquarters of the Cameronians; he's joined the kilties richt eneugh. Ye mind he was a sergeant in South Africa." Then he bent over to his work and did not join in the general conversation that ensued.

Days passed, and weeks, and his fellow workmen, in

the way men will, occasionally bantered Geordie, asking him if he was going to enlist, and whether he did not think shame to let his friend go off alone to fight. Geordie was silent under abuse and banter, as he had always been under the injustices of life, and by degrees withdrew into himself, and when he read his newspaper during the dinner-hour made no remark, but folded it and put it quietly into the pocket of his coat.

Weeks passed, weeks of suspense, of flaring headlines in the Press, of noise of regiments passing down the streets, of newsboys yelling hypothetic victories, and of the tension of the nerves of men who know their country's destiny is hanging in the scales. Rumours of losses, of defeats, of victories, of checks and of advances, of naval battles, with hints of dreadful slaughter, filled the air. Women in black were seen about, pale and with eyelids swollen with weeping, and people scanned the reports of killed and wounded with dry throats and hearts constricted as if they had been wrapped in whipcord, only relaxing when after a second look they had assured themselves the name they feared to see was absent from the list.

Long strings of Clydesdale horses ridden by men in ragged clothes, who sat them uneasily, as if they felt their situation keenly perched up in the public view, passed through the streets. The massive caulkers on their shoes struck fire occasionally upon the stones, and the great beasts, taught to rely on man as on a god from the time they gambolled in the fields, went to their doom unconsciously, the only mitigation of their fate. Regiments of young recruits, some in plain clothes and some in hastily-made uniforms, marched with as martial an air as three weeks' training gave them, to the stations to entrain. Pale clerks, the elbows of their jackets shiny with the slavery of the desk, strode beside men whose hands were bent and scarred with gripping on the handles of the plough in February gales or wielding sledges at the forge.

All of them were young and resolute, and each was confident that he at least would come back safe to tell the tale. Men stopped and waved their hats, cheering their passage, and girls and women stood with flushed cheeks and straining eyes as they passed on for the first stage that took them towards the front. Boys ran beside them, hat-

less and barefooted, shouting out words that they had caught up on the drill-ground to the men who whistled as they marched a slow and grinding tune that sounded like a hymn.

Traffic was drawn up close to the kerbstone, and from the top of 'buses and of carts men cheered, bringing a flush of pride to many a pale cheek in the ranks. They passed on; men resumed the business of their lives, few understanding that the half-trained, pale-faced regiment that had vanished through the great station gates had gone to make that business possible and safe.

Then came a time of waiting for the news, of contradictory paragraphs in newspapers, and then a telegram, the "enemy is giving ground on the left wing"; and instantly a feeling of relief that lightened every heart, as if its owner had been fighting and had stopped to wipe his brow before he started to pursue the flying enemy.

The workmen in the brassfitters' shop came to their work as usual on the day of the good news, and at the dinner-hour read out the accounts of the great battle, clustering upon each other's shoulders in their eagerness. At last one turned to scan the list of casualties. Cameron, Campbell, McAlister, Jardine, they read, as they ran down the list, checking the names off with a match. The reader stopped, and looked towards the corner where Geordie still sat working silently.

All eyes were turned towards him, for the rest seemed to divine even before they heard the name. "Geordie man, Jimmy's killed," the reader said, and as he spoke Geordie laid down his hammer, and, reaching for his coat, said, "Jimmy's killed, is he? Well, someone's got to account for it."

Then, opening the door, he walked out dourly, as if already he felt the knapsack on his back and the avenging rifle in his hand.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Coming Triumph of Marxist Socialism

By H. M. Hyndman

I ALWAYS regret when a serious discussion on principles and their application is mixed up with a charge of misrepresentation on either side. This gives a personal tone to the controversy, which is apt to confuse readers and may quite possibly irritate the disputants themselves. However, as the Editor has given me the fullest latitude to say what I please, in answer to his second article, I owe it to myself to state that, neither in the paper on "Socialism, Materialism, and the War," which Bax and I contributed to the December number of the ENGLISH REVIEW, nor anywhere else, have I accepted, or defended, the "Revisionism" of Marx's economic theories set forth by Eduard Bernstein some years ago.

So far from this being the case, I have invariably opposed and attacked Revisionism in all its forms. This is well known throughout the International Socialist movement. Moreover, in the very same article which Mr. Austin Harrison is criticising I say (p. 56): "Revisionism most certainly will not arrest the approaching change. Its influence has been greatly exaggerated, as we could easily demonstrate. It is enough to say here that the leader of that clever but unsuccessful sect of mild progressives has himself not only abjured his errors, etc." I am, therefore, not a little astonished when I find Mr. Austin Harrison speaking of Bernstein's "jejune" Socialism as "defended by Mr. Hyndman," and "my attitude" as "nothing more than an apologia for the failure of Revisionism." He might with equal fitness write of Schopenhauer as the apologist and defender of Hegelianism.

For many years the New, like the Old, "International" has suffered from the dictation of the German Social Democrats and their special friends from Austria, Holland, and Scandinavia. Time after time they have postponed the holding of this or that international Socialist Congress because the date fixed by other nationalities did not suit their own domestic convenience. Nobody admired more than I the education, loyalty, self-sacrifice and discipline of the German Social Democrats in their national policy and tactics; no one has written and spoken in more laudatory terms of their party and their organisation as a whole; nevertheless, they and their friends carried things with such a high hand on the International Socialist Bureau, and treated the whole movement so much as if it were dependent on them, that on one occasion I suggested that *nous autres pauvres apôtres* of the rest of the civilised world should, for once, hold an independent Socialist Congress of our own. At another time really important affairs were neglected so completely, and so many hours were wasted on petty details of little real significance, that Keir Hardie and myself, who often differ, retired from the sitting, after frequently and vigorously protesting to no purpose against the restriction of discussion to business which had only interest for the German peoples. German predominance had even then—some years ago—become a nuisance and a danger. We kept silence, even from good words, in order to preserve the international unity of the party, and not to give an opening for ridicule to the enemy without; in order, also, to avoid weakening in any way the power of the German Social Democrats themselves in their bitter struggle against the enemy within.

Now these reasons for reticence no longer exist. The German Social Democratic Party has had the most glorious opportunity that ever fell to the lot of any people for putting Socialism and working-class international fraternity nobly before mankind. Millions of Socialists all over the civilised world looked to them for a lead. They were not asked to risk life or limb for the cause: they were not expected even to vote directly, as a party, against the credits demanded by their Government in order to pay for a war of aggression. We only hoped that they would abstain

from giving by their vote the support of the German Social Democracy to the militarist caste which, holding Germany in its grip, had resolved to make war upon Europe; and we likewise expected that they would fully expound the reasons for their action. They themselves have abdicated the leadership which they had previously claimed.

So far, I am in agreement with Mr. Austin Harrison, and I doubt if he himself could put the case against the German Social-Democrats more strongly. But when he deals with the reasons for this distressing incident and assumes we are in despair because a fraction of a population of sixty-five millions of people failed to prevent the outbreak of the greatest war of all time, he grossly exaggerates the misfortune which has befallen our large and growing party. Moreover, he entirely misrepresents the causes of the fiasco. Thus, he tells us that, if the original ideas of Marx had held their ground, and the German Social Democrats had been guided by them, their party could have stopped the war. This I entirely deny. They had no power to do anything of the kind. If the whole of the hundred and eleven Social Democratic Deputies in the Reichstag had voted against the war credits this would not have checked the war for a day. Had they called upon Social Democrats to resist mobilisation by force, or to attempt a general strike, these efforts would have been alike costly and futile. A few noble spirits might have gone forward as martyrs in the cause. But these few would have been butchered mercilessly, under martial law, and the whole party crushed with relentless military severity.

Mr. Harrison, however, argues that the German Social Democrats had been misled by Revisionism, and that this was the cause of their weakness in the day of trial. There is no evidence of the truth of this contention. The Party in the Reichstag, and as represented by its Executive, was a Marxist party. True, these same Marxists had done some very foolish things. For example, they voted for the admission of the British Labour Party to the International Socialist Bureau and International Socialist Congress, though these British representatives pronounced against Socialism and had no definite programme either for political or social action. The chief German theorist, Karl Kautsky, even contended that the British Labourists,

though they were avowed anti-Socialists and refused to recognise the class war, must of necessity be revolutionists at heart without knowing it. Trade unions, however mild their methods or ineffective their tactics, could not, he argued, fail to fight the class fight, and should therefore be admitted without challenge to the same rights and privileges as ourselves. In vain did Madame Roussel, the Guesdist, point out that this was a return to the succession of weak and injurious compromises which had done so much harm at the earlier International Socialist Congresses, and was thus a reactionary rather than a progressive policy. Kautsky, and his majority, all of them placed two deaf ears at the service of the eminent Socialist Frenchwoman. So the facts went by the board and the philosophic illusionists had their will of us.

But all this precisely accorded with the "practical" policy of Karl Marx himself, in that early period of his propaganda which Mr. Harrison assures us contained the full flower of his "subversive" genius. In his *Misère de la Philosophie* (written in 1847 in opposition to Proudhon's *Philosophie de la Misère*) Marx expressed the sanguine hope that the development of Trade Unionism, at the Trade Union Congress held in that year, betokened the commencement of an important revolutionary uprising in Great Britain. It was nothing of the kind. The great Chartist movement was even then approaching its final downfall. The abler leaders of that movement, and in particular Bronterre O'Brien, saw much more clearly than Marx what the growth of Trade Unionism meant at that juncture, and warned the people that the constitution of an "aristocracy of labour," divorced from the main body of the proletariat, must inevitably act as a bulwark to capitalism, prevent the establishment of a really subversive proletarian organisation, and retard the emancipation of the wage-slave class. Even Marx's residence in England, up to 1864, had not cured him of this delusion about the tendency of Trade Unionism at that time. So far as England was concerned, the old "International" was based upon Trade Unionism, not upon Revolutionary Socialism. The first meeting, held in London in 1864, at which the eminent Positivist, Professor Edward Spencer Beesly took the chair, was in the main a Trade Union gathering, and old

members of that organisation still living will bear out the truth of what I say, even if the names and positions of the English members—Cremer, Bailey, Applegarth, and others —did not of themselves support my contention.

How right O'Brien was and how wrong Marx has long been clearly apparent. The Trade Unions *have* acted as a bulwark of capitalism. Their leading members in the House of Commons, by entering into close alliance with the Liberal Party, *have* headed back Revolutionary Socialism and helped to retard the emancipation of the entire wage-slave class for two full generations, as the Chartists predicted they would. A change is now taking place, but the more vigorous policy still makes way very slowly.

But all this, again, had nothing to do with Revisionism. The truth is that Marx who, in theory, was a thoroughgoing revolutionist, and, in practice, a revolutionist and supporter of revolution, wherever he could act in that capacity, comprehended more fully than many of his followers that the greatest social transformation of all time, from capitalist competition and production for profit to Socialist co-operation and production for use, must of necessity be a slow process. Therefore, in his anxiety to keep in touch with the organised forces of labour he ceased at times to be a theorist merely, and became in some degree an adherent of compromise. Even the famous Communist Manifesto (written with Engels) which gives, more succinctly than any other work, his survey of history, as a record of economic antagonisms and class wars, formulated in its early editions a series of palliative measures, leading, under capitalism, to a better state of things.

Mr. Harrison writes of Marx as a man whose teachings were of an anarchist and subversive character. Subversive, most certainly. Anarchist, not at all. It is impossible, argued Marx, to imagine that a society, based upon wage-slavery for the bulk of the population, can be developed into the new period without subversion. But he was none the less throughout his life engaged in continuous and bitter strife against anarchy and all that is anarchical. Individualist "propaganda of deed," violent half-organised efforts to bring about a sudden change, attacks for attacking's sake, nowhere found a more strenuous opponent than

in the author of *Das Kapital*. Marx accused the Anarchists of dense ignorance of history and sociology, as well as of futile addiction to sentimental homicide. To him their theories were as fatuous as their practices were reactionary.

No one ever discriminated more clearly than Marx did between revolt and revolution. "No man, and no body of men, can make a revolution. No man, and no body of men, can crush a revolution when it is engendered in the womb of society." At the time when Marx began to write, and for many a long year after, *bourgeois* ideas were universally dominant and the peace of the profit-monger prevailed in the land. Having obtained control of Western society by economic development, supported by their own organised force, the *bourgeoisie* were satisfied. Further use of force, being for them unnecessary, was not only improper but criminal. They had completely legalised the position of the capitalists and profit-makers; the aristocracy and the landowners were quite content to share their gains; while the wage-earners, the actual producers, were their nominally free but actually very obedient humble servants. *Bourgeois* property was secure, proletarian labour-power was cheap; people could say pretty much what they liked, so long as they contented themselves with only saying it. Most of them could even vote if they chose. All grounds for the use of force were therefore removed, from the *bourgeois* point of view. National uprisings against racial domination they might sympathise with—Mazzini, Kossuth, Garibaldi, Langiewicz were fine fellows : class uprisings against capitalist "organisation" were detestable and infamous—the physical force Chartists, Blanqui, Raspail, and Socialists of every hue, including Marx himself and his associates, were mere upsetters for destruction's sake.

At such a period of plutocratic and pecuniary self-complacency it was natural that Marx should point out, and even dilate upon, the truths that force had been "the midwife of progress, delivering the old society pregnant with the new," and that it was certain to be so again; that history did not end with the consolidation and legalisation of *bourgeois* supremacy; that, even under the forms of peace, force was constantly used by the capitalist class to repress unorganised revolt against what seemed to the people ordered injustice; and that the time would assuredly come

when the disinherited majority would in turn strive for mastery, urged thereto by the hopelessness of securing their own well-being under the specious but oppressive forms of pecuniary domination. No intelligent man to-day will dispute that this is a sound view of the situation, or assert that capitalism spells the last word in the annals of the human race. But sixty, fifty, even forty years ago this was not so. The "intellectuals" were, for the greater part, incapable of understanding that the status of individualism which then pervaded the atmosphere of thought was, by existing economic conditions, rendered unattainable for the vast majority of mankind. Marx, therefore, was more than justified in systematising and giving a scientific sociologic basis to the teachings of the Chartists, and pointing out that force had still its revolutionary uses. Yet he knew better than they did that, though force would probably be attendant upon social revolution, it could not by any possibility produce a revolution by itself.

Good evidence of the value of Marx's work is provided by Mr. Harrison himself; inasmuch that, although Marx has been dead more than thirty years, and his writings are not easy even for the educated minority to read or understand, Mr. Harrison is greatly concerned to prove to his own satisfaction that they are no longer of any serious importance. To repeat his own contention, the reason of this is that Revisionism has sapped the vitality of Marx's revolutionary theories which I have just shown to be in no sense anarchistic. The ground for the confusion in Mr. Harrison's criticism of Marxism is that he has assumed that Marx was throughout opposed to political action, and to sending members to the *bourgeois* national assemblies. This political action Mr. Harrison takes to be a special tenet of Revisionism. That is altogether opposed to the fact. Marx was, from the first, and to the end of his life, strongly in favour of Socialists entering the political arena as Socialists.

In my own conversations with him, Marx was always clear on this point. He thought it probable that a powerful Socialist Party would eventually appear on the floor of the House of Commons—(which reads sadly to Socialists to-day)—and cited this as one of the reasons why "England is the one country where a peaceful revolution is possible—though history does not tell us so." The

French Guesdists, the greatest sticklers in Europe for the pure faith of Marxism, have invariably used political methods wherever they have had the slightest chance of success, and even where they had not. The endeavour to capture the political machine by representation, or at least to hamper its smooth action in favour of capitalism, has been advocated persistently by the Marxists in every country, as the easiest and most effective way of making propaganda for their revolutionary principles. But Mr. Harrison goes farther in his strange misconception of the position, and takes for granted those very points of Revisionism which have just been explicitly renounced by its first propounder as wholly untenable. Marx contended that capital would accrete into larger and larger masses; that the wage-earning class would become more and more numerous in proportion to the possessing class; that the wage-earners would obtain a less and less share of the total national wealth in every country; and that discontent would become more and more widespread as the workers better understood the inevitable class war under capitalism, and comprehended the conditions under which they were toiling for the benefit of others. Bernstein, in his "Evolutionary Socialism," disputed and denied all this. Upon this denial was based the programme of reform instead of revolution; of co-operation with liberal capitalism in place of relentless opposition to all political factions of the dominant class; of a general sober palliative movement, instead of a persistent active effort of the workers towards the great goal of Socialism.

These views spread to other countries, and hampered the Socialists much more there than in Germany itself. Bernstein was the founder and father of all this. He remained up to March last, in spite of discouragement, defeat, and personal detraction, its ablest and most persistent exponent. Then, as already said, he abjured his heresies completely. Not, as Mr. Harrison suggests, without a tittle of justification, because he foresaw the forthcoming war(!), but because twenty years' experience of facts had irresistibly taught him that Marx was right and he wrong. Kautsky summed up the position thus: "Bernstein acknowledges that all the important doctrines of Marxism are true: the Materialist Conception of History, the Theory

of Surplus Value, the Concentration of Capitals, the Approaching Downfall of Capitalism, the Class War and its Increasing Bitterness."

Here I leave the question of Revisionism finally. It has ceased to have any serious future interest for Marxists. Whether also Marx's materialist theories have been absorbed by the militarists and turned by them to their own advantage in some extraordinary manner (counter to all that these theories connote) is not a matter of any moment to Socialists generally. I see no evidence whatever of this myself; but I am content to leave such a trifling point without discussing it. What I do see is that the vast development of anti-militarist Marxism throughout Germany, in the form of Social Democracy, was one of the main causes of the present war; for it engendered in the minds of the Junkers the fear that it would prove still more threatening in the near future. That Bebel supported the creation of a Democratic Citizen Army was no contravention at all of his Marxism. Far from it. It was, on the contrary, a reaffirmation of an important portion of the Marxist programme. At every International Socialist Congress, from 1900 onwards, Marxists, with Socialists of all shades of opinion, have voted unanimously in favour of the establishment of such a Citizen Army, with officers of proved capacity, elected by the rank and file, as the only effective means of upholding national independence against aggression from without and militarism within. I myself have advocated such a Citizen Army in Great Britain, first as Radical and then as Social Democrat, for more than forty years. And, oddly enough, I learnt to appreciate its value directly from one of Marx's most vehement opponents—Giuseppe Mazzini. Would it indeed be a great drawback to British democracy if we had a genuinely well-trained and well-equipped National Citizen Army, under the control of the people, in this island to-day?

The old "International" came to an end in 1872, and was not revived in any definite shape until 1900; though a fissiparous attempt at reconstruction was made in 1889. After only fourteen, or, at the outside, twenty-five years of more or less solid and recognised existence as an international creed and party, we Socialists, without money, official power, or social position, are told that we have failed and

that our Socialism has "collapsed" because we did not convince and dominate Europe and decree peace on earth and goodwill among men! Well, well; I am usually considered an optimist, but I confess to my shame, as an expert in making *bonne mine au mauvais jeu*, that I never at any period of my career as a Social Democratic educator and agitator took such an exalted view of our capacity.

Why, here is the Catholic Church alone, with 1850 years or so of tradition behind it; with millions of believers in every nation and on every continent; with an international organisation of unequalled strength; with tens of thousands of celibate priests and hundreds of thousands of fanatical devotees all over the world; and with vast resources at the disposal of an ecclesiastical autocrat who has the power to bind and loose for all eternity—here is this vast institution wholly unable to obtain a truce of God for Christmas, even with the support of other forms of its own creed! Yet we Socialists, whose international organisation (if organisation it could be called) really did collapse in 1872, and is anyhow but a child of yesterday, are blamed for not achieving, after half a century of tentative effort, what the followers of Christ have been wholly unable to accomplish by centuries of intellectual domination in Europe! Because the leaders of one great Socialist section have failed to act up to their principles, therefore all our economic analysis must be abandoned as illusory, all our historical investigations, which have cast light for the first time on many dark places in the record of humanity, must be thrown on the scrap-heap; and even all the facts which support and confirm our theories must, I suppose, be turned to a contrary purpose.

But Socialists do not for one moment accept any of these categorical imperatives. The views of Marx, far less modified by time than those of Darwin, will be upheld by nearly all the delegates at International Socialist Congresses after the war as they were before it. We have no need to search for a new system of political economy, to set on foot a fresh exposition of human history, nor to substitute a revised synthesis for that which we accepted prior to the outbreak of hostilities. The hopes rather than anticipations expressed at the great Socialist Peace Congress of Basle have not been realised. The protests which were

there formulated under German leadership have evaporated in the heat of the unprecedented conflict provoked by German ambition. The spirit of militarist nationalism has, for the time being, obscured the ideal of International Socialism. This we admit. But so far is Socialism from having collapsed that already efforts—premature efforts though I hold them to be—are being made in every civilised country to renew our organisation when the war shall be past. Socialism is no more destroyed by the temporary recrudescence of national antagonisms than representative government was crushed when Cromwell decamped with the mace and locked the doors of the House of Commons, or when Napoleon the Great (or, for that matter, Napoleon the Little) proclaimed himself Emperor of the French. Those who imagine that the result of the present war will be to re-establish permanently the old national distrust and hatred, quite misread the signs of the times.

For the industrial evolution of humanity may be checked, but cannot be definitely arrested by the mutual slaughter of human beings. When the fighting ceases, progress goes forward from the point where peaceful development was interrupted. Nay, it is even possible that war may accelerate the rate of such progress. In Great Britain we daily perceive that (while still nominally maintaining the figment of free competition) the Class-State takes control of department after department, as in the case of the railways, uses the national credit to save monopolist banks from default, to maintain the honour of the great commercial houses, to guarantee financial issues in order to foster national industries, to regulate prices by enactment, to fling aside the doctrine of buying in the cheapest market, and to increase the State provision for soldiers and their dependents to an extent hitherto unheard-of and likely to be still further enlarged. True, most of these collectivist measures have so far been directed to the strengthening or buttressing the more powerful capitalist organisations. But will not the workers, whose combinations are simultaneously drawing closer and closer together, on a larger and larger scale, recognise that a State authority, which can thus be used in war to safeguard and benefit banks, financiers, merchants, and even branches of industry, in order to uphold the competitive system favoured by the master

class, might be far better applied to inaugurate a system of national co-operation which would emancipate the working class? When £350,000,000 are raised almost without comment for the purposes of war, will it be possible for the most cheeseparing Chancellor of the Exchequer to ask effectively, "Where is the money to come from?" when the people call on him to expend a much larger sum for the higher purposes of peace? The questions answer themselves.

In France a similar development is proceeding, and what makes it more noteworthy is the fact that several members of the present French Ministry are ex-Socialists or Socialists, two of whom made very important stipulations before they took office. And what will happen in Belgium after the complete defeat and withdrawal of the Germans? Manifestly, only a national democratic administration, with that thorough-going Socialist, Emile Vandervelde, as a prominent Minister within, or more than a Minister without, supported by the great Socialist co-operative institutions, will be able to reorganise peacefully Belgian industry and transport. Even in Germany, after the downfall of militarist Junkerdom, where can we look for reconstructive forces outside the Social Democracy and the great trade unions able to dominate the vast trusts and combines on the one side, and to enlist the workers of the Fatherland in the vast enfranchised army of industry on the other?

That which Marx foresaw and predicted is being fulfilled and verified under our eyes. From small competitive production and petty pecuniary relations to the great factory industry, limited companies, vast exchange and transport, and divorce of workers from control over their own tools; from the great factory industry, with its increasing proletariat and enlarging area of distribution, to trusts, combines, monopolies, international capitalism, accompanied by the permanent wage-slavery of the mass of the population; from this period of capitalist monopoly, attended throughout by ever-growing combinations of the toilers, and constantly increasing recognition of the inevitable class war, to the introduction of State and municipal control, and extension of State and municipal employment under bureaucratic management, with wage-slavery still maintained, but class antagonism growing steadily more

bitter and finding slowly political expression; from collectivist wagedom with mild political protest and unconscious revolt, to national and international co-operation and Social Democracy, by the conquest of political power and the transformation of competitive production for class profit to general co-operative production for Socialist and communal use.*

That this transcendent revolution shall be accomplished without passing through a period of internecine bloodshed and wholesale civil war, beside which even the present vast conflict will seem child's play, calls for two conditions: A stage of human development in which the co-ordination of co-operative production on a large scale is possible; the education of competing wage-earners to the point where they can understand, and, having understood, can handle and control the economic and social growth going on around them of which they themselves form a part. It was Marx's opinion that this must of necessity be a very slow process, even in the most advanced countries. His arguments compelled me many years ago to adopt his views.†

But since then events have occurred which lead me to take a more hopeful view of the rapidity with which we may attain our end. In particular, what has happened in Japan may well make us sanguine. Scarcely more than forty years have passed since Sir Rutherford Alcock referred to the Japanese as "highly intelligent children," and spoke of their feudal system, their class gradations, consolidated by a fine religion, as likely to last for many a long day. Within that short term Japan has passed through an economic,

* The power of man over nature has increased and is increasing so rapidly that there is no difficulty whatever as to the creation of wealth. In fact, mankind in the highly-civilised countries is overmastered by its own machinery and capacity for production. Wealth may indeed be made as plentiful as water by co-operative effort. Only the fetishism of money bemuses the mind and prevents the workers from understanding the truth. In Western Europe the economic development has proceeded so far that only education is needed to enable the transformation to be made. Force cannot much longer be used as the abortionist of reaction.

† Marx himself was inclined rather to extend than to reduce the period required to realise Socialism in any practical shape. I remember well that in one conversation with him at Maitland Park Crescent I expressed myself as being impatient at the intolerable delay which would occur before an effective change could be brought about in our horrible capitalist and wage-slave society. He replied: "When you have been impatient as many years as I have you will begin to be patient then."

social, and political evolution which Europe took four hundred years to accomplish.

Capitalism in Japan has now reached almost the same level that it has in Europe and America. The great factory industry is growing daily, State and municipal loans have been raised to an excessive amount, banks are becoming more and more powerful, great shipping lines are competing on equal terms with European ventures, even trusts and combines are beginning to develop. The hopes entertained by some of us that Japan, learning by the experience of Europe, would restrict and control the power of pecuniary domination have, unfortunately, proved false. But the protest of Socialism is being raised in earnest, in spite of the bitterest injustice and persecution, and there is no doubt that our opinions will steadily make way. In the much more difficult field of China, too, Socialism has its word to say. Is it not certain, therefore, that Socialism, even among the slow-moving populations of the East, will spread much more rapidly than seemed in the least likely even twenty years ago?

Every improvement in international communications and transport facilities cannot but tend to the expansion of international capitalism, both financial and industrial, with the simultaneous growth of trusts and monopolies, all over the world. But international capitalism is now everywhere being accompanied and attacked by international Socialism. This is more apparent by far to-day than it was yesterday, and the advance cannot fail to be still more marked to-morrow than it is to-day. For against the sinister international capitalist power in peace, as against the belated national antagonisms which lead to war, there is but one effective means of resistance: the solidarity of the workers of all countries, who have no interest either in the peaceful maintenance of capitalism, or in the forceful expansion of competitive industry and commerce. But such solidarity can only be achieved by thorough comprehension of the world-wide economic situation, and the acceptance of the ideals and religion of Socialism, which, beginning of necessity with national material issues, will gradually, for the first time in history, free all mankind for the highest tasks and the noblest emulation in every department of science, literature, and art. The school of Marx

will take the lead in this high endeavour even more completely in the future than it has in the past. The reason for this is that Marxists alone possess the key to the complex historic, economic, and social evolution which leads to the new period. We do not claim any silly infallibility, or lay down a doctrinaire programme of inevitable development. Our work is to take account, consciously and capably, of the events which are occurring under our eyes; using and adapting the theories of a great genius to stages of human development the full details of which he claimed neither to foresee nor to predict.

Thus, then, when peace is proclaimed and the greatest International Socialist Congress the world has ever seen meets in the fine hall of the Maison du Peuple at Brussels, all the delegates present will feel that they and the millions of Socialists they represent are entering with greater certainty than ever upon the conquest of the future for the workers of the world. As we rise and take off our hats to the undaunted Belgians who, having sacrificed their all to save Europe from the barbarians, return, like the Athenians from Salamis, far stronger from the sea; as we record our admiration for the courageous minority of German Socialists who never despaired of the cause even in the darkest hour of militarist tyranny, we shall feel, every one of us, that our comrades have not suffered in vain. Thanks to their services, International Social Democracy will use the lessons taught by the horrors of war to secure for coming generations the permanent blessings of co-operation and peace.

Prisoners in Germany

By Nellie Hozier

This is a description of the adventures which befell us on the completion of three months' hospital work at Mons when we wished to return to England.

Our party consisted of six nurses, a surgeon, and myself as interpreter.

I must mention a few facts that led to our decision to go home.

We had been nursing English wounded since the 27th of August at Mons, with the permission of the German authorities, without in any way coming into collision with them, when a notice appeared on November 17th in the town, proclaiming that all English subjects between sixteen and fifty-five were to be arrested. It was worded in rather drastic terms and it agitated us not a little. Two of us therefore went up to the Hotel de Ville and re-declared ourselves to the German Commander. We were received civilly, and told that the military authorities had no intention of arresting us; in fact, we were given permission to continue our work for as long a time as we liked. We then asked for passports home if there was no more work to be done. Our hospital was at that time empty except for one English officer, all our patients having gone as prisoners of war to Germany. The authorities promised to occupy themselves about the question of passports, and we went away quite satisfied.

On the following day, however, Miss Manners and I, feeling it better to have someone of influence at our back, went to Brussels by tram and saw Mr. Whitlock, the American Minister. He kindly promised to do everything in his power to help us to obtain permission to return to England; we therefore went back to our little hospital at Mons feeling happy and reassured.

The next few days were spent in our ambulance, wind-

ing up affairs and visiting the different friends we had made during the last few months.

On about the 27th of November, we were all sitting at supper when Mr. X., a great and valued friend, came to see us. He called Miss Manners and myself into the operating room in order to be alone, and there he told us, with a face grey with agitation, that we were going to be arrested the following day and sent as prisoners to Germany. He and a friend had overheard a conversation between two German doctors, the gist of which was, "Oh, the English ambulance, we'll soon have them off to Germany as prisoners."

Our friend seemed terribly concerned, and to confirm his warning hardly were the words out of his mouth when a letter arrived for us from the head German doctor, asking us to send him immediately a complete list of our names and addresses. We felt startled and uneasy, but we pulled ourselves together and spent most of the night writing farewell letters to our relations, which we hoped would ultimately reach England.

The following morning we sent a servant by the early tram to Brussels, with a letter asking Mr. Whitlock to come to our rescue that very day in some way or other, perhaps with motors to take us away. Our letter was an urgent appeal for help. We then hurried out and bought ourselves eight portable trunks, as we knew we should not be allowed to take much to Germany. To a few trustworthy friends we said good-bye. We felt, therefore, that we had been rather hysterical and ridiculous when we received a letter from Mr. Whitlock, the purport of which was that the German authorities had no intention of arresting us. Their attitude was most satisfactory, and he promised to send a secretary in a few days' time to bring us to Brussels, from where we were to start for England.

We had a distinct sensation of anti-climax. The semi-tragic good-byes we had said to different friends seemed foolish, and though greatly relieved we felt a little bit ashamed of ourselves.

On the following Tuesday five of the members of our staff started early in the morning to go and see Maubeuge, as it was one of the interesting places within tram and walking distance.

Miss Thorpe (the matron), Nurse Walters, and myself

remained at home to pack up the rest of the things. At luncheon time a secretary from the American Embassy arrived from Brussels and told us that he would like us all to come there on the following day, where we should find our passports. In order to be absolutely *en règle* with the German authorities he wished us to ask for permission to leave Mons, although anybody could go away from the town by tram. It seemed to us a little bit as if we were putting our heads into the lion's mouth; but we took his advice, and after luncheon walked through the town and into the Hotel de Ville, where the German Commander had established himself. It was difficult to find anyone to listen to us, but finally our companion explained to a subordinate officer that he had come from the American Minister at Brussels, and that he would like to see the Commander concerning our journey.

Here the surprising part of our adventures began. The officer, rudely ordering him to be silent, turned to Miss Thorpe and me and said, "You shall certainly not go back to England," and then led us into a little room apart, where a much more important German was sitting at a table; this man's name was either Von Quatz or Von Hinkelberg—I have never been able to discover which, and he was an unpleasant specimen of a Prussian in authority. After listening to our friend for a few seconds he turned to us and shouted: "You shall not return to England, and we will make you suffer as you are making our German hospital nurses suffer. Go and sit on those chairs and consider yourselves all three arrested." He used a very rasping, yelling voice, which I have often heard German officers employ when giving orders to their men, very startling to the English ear. In shouting these orders to us the impression he gave me was that he was trying to terrify us; but apart from the naturally unpleasant sensation derived from any German hovering over one in a bullying attitude and making a great deal of noise, I do not think that he succeeded. There was, however, nothing for it but to obey his orders and go and sit down. The American secretary was white with rage and indignation, for the Germans had not a shadow of right to treat him in such a way, but they pounced on him too because his passport was, most unfortunately, wrongly dated. After about an hour he was

released, but not before he had been told in the most insolent manner never to interfere with English women again. He was very nice and apologetic at leaving us in such a plight, but we begged him to go, as he could help us far more by telling Mr. Whitlock what had happened. It was about half-past three when we were arrested, and we sat in that room until half-past seven. During part of the time I was near a Belgian civilian who was waiting to plead his cause. I asked him in a low whisper if he would help us, he nodded his head. I then begged him to run and tell two influential people in the town that we had been arrested, for I feared that the Germans just meant to make us both disappear for some time. This he promised, also in a whisper, to do. The four hours spent in that Commandanture were very oppressive. The room was stifling and full of Germans. It literally smelt of Germans. I was much struck by the continuity of work there; the men hardly changed their places, and there was very little conversation. Von Quatz or Hinkelberg sometimes emerged from his "holy of holies" without looking at us. It was interesting to notice the different kinds of voices he used to different people. His tortoiseshell spectacles were shoved right back on to his closely-cropped head. They seemed to remain there the whole afternoon without ever being touched. A good many guards had come in and out, and received orders which I could not quite understand; but at half-past seven three more of our nurses appeared followed by two guards. We stared at them, and they stared at us, wondering what was going to happen. Our friend Von Quatz or Hinkelberg then came up to us and said, "Now, we are arresting you as reprisals because the English have arrested a German hospital-ship and are ill-treating our nurses." We said we were sure it was not true; though, of course, we had seen no newspapers. He continued, "Well, then, you are guilty of *esbionnashe*." We denied this! He concluded, "Well, you have spoken disrespectfully of the great German Army." I should like to have answered, "Never to your faces," but instead of which we replied: "On the contrary, we have always appreciated the fact that you let us work here, and that you have been fair towards us in our work." "I am glad to hear it," said Von Quatz or Hinkel-

berg; "when you get back to England you can tell them how I treat you." We assured him we would. Then as he seemed a little more conciliatory, I said: "Will you not let us go back for the night to our hospital? Put as many sentinels as you like at every door and window, and arrest us to-morrow." A nice German officer standing by translated this into better German, and seemed to plead for this for us. After a few moments the answer came, "Nein," literally yelled at us. After that we were quickly put into two motors with plenty of guards and driven off, goodness knows where. Our suspense was soon at an end. We rolled up to the gates of a large prison, which we have since heard is one of the severest penitential prisons in Belgium. A bell was rung, the iron gates were flung open, and a German *Hauptmann* welcomed us in. He gave a sigh of worry when he saw us, and said, "What am I to do with five women?" We said, "Do not be depressed; there are two more still to come, and a doctor." He seemed civil, and said, "I will do the best I can for you, but I am not used to women prisoners." This man, who in private life was a German merchant, was quite well disposed towards us .

Nurse Waters and I were put in a room slightly better than a cell. Two others were in another real prison cell, and the matron very unselfishly went alone, for it was a great comfort to be two together in such circumstances. Many guards came and peeped at us, and no doubt thought us very queer. We found that we were in a wing of the Belgian prison taken over by the Germans for their own malefactors. We were locked into our cells, of course, but not before we had succeeded in making the guards promise that when the other three arrived we might be allowed to see them. The two nurses who had been to Maubeuge had walked several kilometres in the pouring rain, and they were soaking wet, but had not been allowed to change their shoes. We had, of course, no sort of luggage with us, and I think those two must have felt very miserable and cold. Nurse Waters and I lay on one bed—browbeaten and rather bewildered. Personally I had a racking headache, for I had been in the unpleasant atmosphere of the Hotel de Ville for such a long time, but our spirits did not sink, and we probably

laughed more during that first half-hour than prisoners ever did before.

At about nine o'clock we heard friendly voices, and our cells were opened. Miss Manners came into my cell, and Nurse Waters disappeared into another one with Sister Florence Forbes. Our surgeon was put on another landing. Miss Manners and I looked at each other and burst out laughing at the ridiculousness of the situation. The gist of our conversation was that we wished our distracted relations could see us. She then told me her adventures. She was very much exhausted, because she had walked the whole way from Maubeuge, nearly twenty kilometres. As she and her companions neared the ambulance, their weary footsteps were buoyed up by thoughts of hot baths and supper. It was jarring, therefore, to hear, instead of our servant Amélie's usual kindly greeting, a harsh voice say, "You are arrested in the name of the Emperor," and without any explanation to be marched off then and there to gaol. Here we were then, locked in together for the night in our cell. We proceeded to inspect it.

It contained one bed with one blanket, one table, one cupboard (locked up), one washstand with no glass, no soap, no towel, a little water in a jug with some muddy substance at the bottom. For a long time we thought we were going to get something to eat, but this was a foolish hope. As we felt very thirsty we asked for a glass of water. We asked for this simple beverage about nine times—sometimes even calling it out quite civilly to the guards who were at the other side of the door. After a long consultation, which sounded very grave, and a good deal of scurrying to and fro, a guard looked in and said, "There is no glass in the prison," and then he added: "You see, it is your friends the Belgians' administration which is so bad."

We finally fell asleep, still very thirsty and feeling unutterably strange and just a little depressed, because we feared that this was only the beginning of our imprisonment for the rest of the war.

At about half-past seven on the following morning we heard a sound of wheels at our door. This was the prison breakfasts going round. We were given two half-loaves of bread and a brown liquid which was a sort of malt—cold,

without sugar, and tasting of mud. This was the first food I was offered since being arrested the day before at 3 p.m. The other nurses, who were in real cells, had the thrilling experience of having their food poked in through a little grating, also the liquid stuff. The malt was in two rather handsome pewter mugs; beside that, there were two very common tin plates and two very pliable tin spoons. Miss Manners and I appreciated the bread, which is now rare in Belgium, and put it aside carefully. We looked at the malt and tasted it, then with one accord, I am sorry to say, we flung the whole concern into the garden through the bars. As these flimsy plates bumped the ground they curled themselves up into the most ridiculous shapes. At the same moment we heard a hoarse chuckle of merriment from the other inmates.

Presently in came the German Captain of the prison, who was really a mild old person. He, however, assumed a very ferocious expression, and said to me, deciphering my name from a piece of paper: "Miss Hosher, I believe you have been guilty of throwing your breakfast out of the window. Now remember, when my prisoners are good I am kind, but when they are refractory I can be very harrd; oh, very harrd!" But somehow this threat did not make me quail, and I delivered this ultimatum in a firm, unflinching voice: "There are two things we always exact in prison: one is bread, and the other is water; so far we have had no water, and until we receive it regularly we shall throw every single bit of food we get out of the window."

So this passage at arms ended. I have been asked by one or two friends, who assure me they grow quite thirsty during this story, whether I ever did get that glass of water that morning. I cannot accurately remember whether I did or not.

Meanwhile we did feel most squalid and miserable, having no comb, no toothbrush, no sponge, no soap. Suddenly we heard a very mournful English voice above us, which came from an English hospital nurse who had been in prison five weeks, in the most odious circumstances, and who, I am glad to say, was subsequently released at the same time as us. She was in a cell above us, and she let down a bit of string with a letter tied to a nailbrush, which made us feel quite adventurous and Sherlock

Holmesish. We tied an answer to the nailbrush and the string was drawn up out of sight. I started cutting into one of the bars of my window with a penknife, as I thought there was a wall that might be surmounted at the end of the garden. Beyond permanently blunting the penknife we did not make much headway. We had not quite reached the elevation of spirit that made the poet say,

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage."

At 12 o'clock two panfuls of soup were brought to us. Our prison Captain kindly offered to buy us a few necessaries of life; but he soon saw that to buy the necessary equipment for seven English females was beyond even a capable German. To our great delight he therefore promised that our surgeon and I should go back to our hospital. After a great deal of delay this was arranged. We marched out of prison followed by two peaceable old *Landsturms*, feeling deliriously happy to be in the open air. We quickly reached the ambulance, where our servants cried for joy when they saw us. We packed at lightning speed, and then wondered how we should carry our things alone. The servant suddenly thought of the stretcher, piled everything on to it, and carried it through the streets.

The news of our arrest had spread, and going through the town we had quite an ovation. The shop people all rushed out to see us, shook our hands, whispered words of sympathy, and gave us fruit and chocolate.

It was gloomy returning to prison, but everyone was in the seventh heaven in having a few clothes and comforts to their backs.

Supper consisted of a cold lump of potato for each person at about 8 o'clock.

That evening our cells were changed, and we were put all together in another part of the prison. After one more night the doors were not locked, and we could talk freely to each other. The cells themselves were squalid and pretty uncomfortable; the brick floors were cold, and the beds seemed to have been made of any old broken bits of iron tied together, regardless of shape or comfort. We had bought a large quantity of wool, so most of the Sisters knitted. We also had the Oxford book of English Verse,

which was a great pleasure to us; I used to read it aloud, and this was patiently endured until one day I pitched upon Herrick's "Come, my Corinna, come, let us go a-maying," when one of the nurses said she would go mad if I read about such subjects as "going a-maying," so I closed the book for that evening.

One of the most startling incidents of the day was when a Belgian prisoner came in to clean our cells. This man wore a mask over his face, and darted in and out like a hunted animal. We subsequently made friends with him, and when he took off his cowl he revealed a most sorrowful, despairing countenance. He had been three years in prison, but his term was nearly up, and he spoke of his impending release with almost savage joy. I asked him indiscreetly why he had forged. He told me that it was for somebody else, and I have no doubt that he was speaking the truth.

In the course of our stay in prison we were looked after by Belgian policemen, who were working under the Germans. These men, of course, were full of sympathy for us and helped us by letting us have various little comforts. For instance, we were each able, after the first two days, to have a minute portion of hot water with which to wash ourselves, and we used to laugh a good deal because, when this policeman brought it to us in the morning, he would herald his arrival by saying in a loud, clear voice: "Remain in bed, ladies, I beg of you, till I have poured out the hot water." I do not know if he feared that we would spring out of bed as he approached. We most decorously did his bidding and waited to get up until he had gone away.

We were allowed one or two visitors in prison, and one of them, a Belgian Member of Parliament, said to me: "Of course, you are looked after by women, you know that there are nuns for that purpose in the prison." I said that we had only had guards so far, but that we would make inquiries on the subject. We then did express a wish to be looked after by some nuns; the answer was: "The Commander has given orders that no women are to come near you."

We had a certain amount of exercise in some little triangular, iron-barred garden built in such a way as to

drive any prisoner mad after a short walk. There we met a German officer who was enjoying a fortnight's prison for some imaginary offence; he was rather irate about it.

During our imprisonment we had one official visit from two important-looking officers, who asked us a number of questions. Our prison Captain subsequently told us that they were indignant because we were allowed to be so comfortable. Short of being in a dungeon and having nothing to eat at all, I fear we could not have been much more uncomfortable.

After the second day we were elaborately told that we were merely detained as reprisals and not prisoners at all. We then asked why we were in criminal cells, but this point was never explained to us.

On the fifth morning, just as we were beginning to feel really depressed, a guard rushed in with the news that we were free—he seemed as pleased as anyone. We packed and dressed with indescribable rapidity. I was sorry to part from the Belgian prisoner of three years' standing, and managed to give him a small tip, which he pocketed with the utmost secrecy and fearfulness. In the angle of a wall, and hidden from him, I saw the Belgian policeman who had befriended us. I managed to tip him also, and he took the money with a look of offended virtue and a good deal of secrecy.

We were then marched through the town, still with guards, to a building which turned out to be the civil part of the German administration. Here there were motors decorated with American flags, and various friendly Secretaries greeted us warmly and sympathised with us in our last few days' experience. Mr. Whitlock had strongly represented to the German authorities that it was quite unheard-of to imprison Red Cross nurses, and the Germans had reluctantly given us up. We had a pleasant luncheon in the town, and we went up to Brussels that day by tram, looked after by a Secretary to the American Embassy, who seemed very anxious that none of us should get lost, and kept feverishly counting us up over and over again. We arrived, however, quite safely, and spent the night at a little hotel so near the Embassy that had the Germans pounced on us, our cries for help would almost have been heard.

The following day Mr. Whitlock told us he had been successful beyond his wildest hopes, and had obtained eight passports for us *viâ* Holland, but in order to please the Germans we were first to go to Aix-la-Chapelle, and thence to Maestricht. Their attitude, however, seemed conciliatory, as they were issuing no passports to anyone else through Holland at this time. We asked rather plaintively that we should not be sent to Aix-la-Chapelle alone, as we felt that we would be on dangerous ground there, and he assured us that we should be escorted. However, on the morning of our departure nobody could be spared, and realising that there were other things besides our concerns in the world—such work as the Rockefeller Food Commission for Belgians being in full swing—we entrained at Brussels with injunctions to change at Herbesthal for Aix-la-Chapelle (or Aachen). I cannot remember if we had guards on this part of the journey—I do not think so.

We went through Louvain, which looked, even from the train, indescribably desolate. It seemed to be a town of charred ruins. At Luttich (Liège) we were pained and surprised at being peremptorily told to get out. We said, "No, no, Herbesthal," and waved our tickets, but it was of no avail. Out we had to get, and were instantly surrounded by many guards, who seemed to know too much about us, and who were unnecessarily pleased to see us.

They told us that we must come to the Commander at once; so, with sinking hearts, we made our way there in a tram. It was the last Belgian town we were to go through, and here again we enjoyed the vivid sympathy of any Belgians who realised that we were English. When they did so, the people in the tram smiled at us; the conductor would not be paid, and winked at us his cordial good feelings. Of course, we spent a good three hours in the Commandanture, showing our passports, and hoping against hope that we should be allowed to go on to Maestricht. The Liège officers were all civil to us. They expressed, indeed, great concern about our journey. "In order to help you at Aachen we are giving you a German guard to make everything quite easy," they explained.

It seemed almost too good to be true, and we thanked them for their thoughtfulness. This German guard took

us back in the tram to the station. There his attitude changed, and he proceeded to lock us up in the waiting-room, and to use the word *Gefangene* rather oftener than we liked. We asked to see the Captain of the station. He came, and with great difficulty we persuaded him to let us have dinner at a station inn—observed all the time, of course, by a guard. At ten o'clock we were put into a train for Aachen, and to our surprise and gratitude allowed to go in first-class carriages. After a quarter of an hour's travelling two officers came and looked at us, and said to each other: "Why are they allowed to be so comfortable?" Realising, no doubt, that it would be rather hard work to move us in the jolting train, we were left to enjoy our one and only comfortable bit of travelling for the next ten days.

We arrived at Aachen at about two a.m. We stepped out of the carriage, and asked briskly for the next train to Maestricht. We might have spared ourselves the trouble. Now we were really in Germany, and the station master, the guards, and the porters looked at us with unconcealed hatred and suspicion. We were locked into a dingy waiting-room with three of the most loathsome little German soldiers I have ever met, whilst inquiries were made regarding our fate. These men, in guttural English, made offensive remarks about King George and the English nation. We could have said a few things, but we had learned discretion, and were silent. They seemed rather annoyed that we did not answer their jibes. The station-master returned and said that the Commander must be consulted, but the Commander was naturally asleep at that hour, and we had better go to some barracks for the night. Our passports were just jeered at. In vain we pointed to the numerous Prussian Eagles clearly stamped on them—they might just as well have been geese. We asked if we might take our luggage with us and stay at an hotel. Both requests were peremptorily refused, so, still clutching at a shred of English dignity and authority, we insisted on counting our boxes—for all the world as if we were leaving it at a cloak-room at Victoria or Charing Cross.

As we stood on the platform waiting for some decision to be arrived at, a train full of wounded soldiers came in. They had been fighting at the Yser, and seemed very tired.

But the echoing station rang with their cheers. The cheering of those tired and wounded men in the stillness of the night returning to their country seemed to me very moving, but my feelings of emotional sympathy were quickly dispelled by the healthy looks of hatred which they cast on our little Red Cross group. In fact, we were glad to be taken away by our guards. I suppose it was very trying for these soldiers, on reaching their first frontier town, to come upon a covey of the hated English.

We then had about forty minutes' brisk walk through the town. It was literally drenching with rain—the sort of rain that falls in bucketsful. In a few minutes we were all soaked to the skin and thoroughly chilled.

By this time I think none of us had any hope of seeing England again before the end of the war. We felt utterly helpless and alone.

At about four a.m. we reached a building which seemed to be a sort of barracks. It was really a school transformed into a hospital for slightly wounded German soldiers. We were turned into a big schoolroom full of indescribably dirty beds. Our surgeon went elsewhere. Our room was not warmed, and we lay on the different beds feeling miserably wet and stiff and cold. At about half-past seven a friendly non-commissioned officer came to see us. He seemed to think we were quite mad to be at Aachen, and we bitterly agreed with him. He then had a stove lighted in order that we might dry our clothes. This and many other things which he did for us during our stay were prompted by feelings of kindness. He was one of the nicest Germans I have ever met. He told us he was a sanitary inspector, but I think he must have inspected everything but his own department, for that seemed to be very much neglected.

He told us that we might have some breakfast at nine, and a little later two German Sisters brought us a tin of bread and ham, and a tin jug full of black coffee with no milk or sugar, but this I am sure is what they had themselves, so we were grateful for it. These Sisters smiled at us in quite a friendly manner, but made no attempt at conversation. The morning dragged on slowly, and personally I went to sleep again as nothing seemed to be going to happen. I was awakened by Miss Manners telling me

that there were some police officers in the room. But these brilliantly be-uniformed and much gold-braided men had ceased to rouse any hopefulness in me, and I watched them gloomily as they read our perfectly valueless, but correctly drawn out, passports. These men behaved like gentlemen to us, and I like to lay stress on this fact, for it seems to me that it can so seldom be mentioned in connection with German officers. They said that nothing could be done until they had telegraphed to Brussels to find out who and what we were. They gave orders that we should be transferred into a better room with clean sheets on the beds, and that we should have our luggage.

Our surgeon was to go to another building altogether, and be with a Belgian doctor who was a prisoner. As he went off we felt we were seeing the last of him for a long time. We were then transferred to a room upstairs, much smaller, and therefore rather squalid. With great difficulty five beds were crammed into it, and as we were seven it was not altogether luxury. One basin and cold and scanty water to wash in were amongst our minor discomforts.

We were allowed to have a little exercise in the yard, and were visited by various Germans. Beyond this yard there was a big field, where the drilling of recruits was quite incessant. They were of all ages—from boys of sixteen to men of between forty-five and fifty-five, the latter still in civilian clothes. It was curious to see these old fellows hopping over puddles with the utmost agility, shouldering rifles and doing the goose-step without a moment's rest. We could not help being impressed by the glowing spirit which everyone seemed to show. We also had long conversations with a German non-commissioned officer, who seemed to enjoy our company. Pointing to an enormous picture of the Kaiser which decorates every room, he struck his hand across his neck and said, "Of course, for him we would all lose our heads," and he looked as if he really would like to send his own head spinning across the floor. He then discussed the war—its causes and, to him, certain results. But, indeed, every German soldier talks glibly of "Mr. Grey" as a Machiavellian devil who has planned the war since 1906 for the aggrandisement of England and the destruction of Germany. This man was so sincere, so passionate in his convictions, that we could not help respecting him.

This respect was changed into admiration when he introduced to us his beautiful wife. He had already been wounded, and was soon returning to the Front. He, like every soldier to whom we talked, assured us that Germany has four million strong fighting men still to put into the field. His great joy was to tell us how easily vast quantities of these four million would cross the Channel on their conquering march to England. We were comparing notes about the number of relations we had fighting in the war. The sanitary inspector, who had joined in the conversation, said very proudly, "I have seven brothers fighting, two have already fallen." Another said, "I have four brothers and eight cousins," and so on.

On the following day, when we had been in our Aachen barracks for about thirty hours, we were told we were free to go on. We were to return to England, but *viâ* Hamburg, Denmark, and Norway. We asked anxiously if our doctor was coming too, and were told "Yes." We then went on to Köln. From Köln we went to Osnabrück, from Osnabrück past Münster and Bremen and on to Hamburg. From Köln we made the whole journey third class, which would have been quite bearable had we not had a number of German guards with aggressively large rifles, who took up any spare corner of the carriage, so that we had to sit bolt upright on the horrid little wooden seats the whole way. We did ask here if we might not go second class—of course, paying the difference ourselves, as we felt rather tired after our various experiences. This luxury was peremptorily refused by officers in authority, and once when we tried to insist we quickly saw the snarling and ugly side of their faces. At every station at which we arrived renewed surprise was exhibited at our appearance. Soldiers surrounded us, station-masters rushed up, officers seemed to spring up through the platform and literally received us one and all with glistening eyes and fixed bayonets. We became used to hearing them say exultingly to each other, "*Englische Schwestern, englischer Artzt!*" and then to being locked into various waiting-rooms. The word *Gefangene* was used again and again, and I can really say that until we reached the Danish frontier we were kept on tenter-hooks as to whether we should ever be really free. When one set of guards handed us over to another set—a

proceeding which occurred at nearly all our stopping-places—we were alluded to as "*ein Artzt und sieben Stücke*"*—"one doctor and seven pieces" and carefully counted. This seemed to us very funny, and we would not have been surprised at the end of our journey to find ourselves covered with labels.

At Köln our stay was brief. Having had luncheon we entrained for Osnabrück, arriving there at ten o'clock at night. We were then shut into a waiting-room for five hours—from ten to three. In this waiting-room there were three hard red velvet sofas. One of them was immediately seized by the guards; the other two we secured. I roamed about disconsolately till I saw a large and rather important armchair hidden away in a corner. I discreetly ensconced myself in it, and was just dozing off when a waiter came up and told me to get out, for it belonged to the Governor of the waiting-room. I could not see that august official anywhere, and having measured the waiter with my eye I remained where I was for the next five hours. It was the most uncomfortable chair I have ever sat in, but dignity made me remain.

At Osnabrück at three a.m. we again got into the train for Hamburg. During this night-journey two of our guards lit enormous pipes and smoked till they fell asleep. They did not do so aggressively and rudely, but just as if it was their right; which, indeed, it was; but the smell in our railway carriage of smoke and beer made us feel quite sick and faint. Once I managed to fall asleep, when I felt a jab in my neck. I looked round and saw that my neighbour had fallen asleep—his head had jerked sideways, and his spiky helmet was what was digging into me. I was able cautiously to restore the head and helmet to their proper angle without greatly disturbing the sleeper.

We arrived at Hamburg about nine-thirty, dreadfully tired, cold, and longing for something hot to drink. Here we were kept hanging about on the platform for some time—it was pouring with rain, and the officials were odious. We then said that if we were not allowed to have something to eat or drink, and to rest ourselves a little, seven of

* Stück, *i.e.*, piece of goods, is a common expression in Germany. Weiberstück (baggage of a woman) is vulgar but not necessarily offensive. —(Ed.)

us at least would faint in separate heaps on the platform. Glaring at us furiously for showing so much spirit, we were told that we might go into a waiting-room. We had about fourteen smallish heavy trunks and packages, but not a soul would touch them. We staggered along with as many as we could carry till we saw a glorious trolley, on to which we flung them and rolled it triumphantly along. I have often longed to push an English barrow at a railway station but have never dared to do it, so this little incident made up for a good deal of misery. It was very tempting as we shoved it in front of us to run over the station-master's heels, and I think he knew he was in danger, for he hurried along like the "white rabbit" at a quite unnecessary pace and eluded us.

I have never felt an atmosphere of such hatred in my life as there was at Hamburg. I asked an old woman in the waiting-room why it was. She told me it was due to the fact that we are so cruel to the German prisoners in England, and she had received a letter only the previous day from a prisoner telling her how badly he was treated; but I found out the real reason later on: the news of the sinking of the *Gneisenau*, the *Scharnhorst*, and the *Leipzig* had appeared that very morning. Hamburg is probably the home of many sailors, and we could understand their hatred and forgive their discourtesy.

Of course, here again we were kept on tenter-hooks as to what our fate was going to be. Guards and Commandanture were all called in, and an officer, after speaking to us in a particularly aggressive manner, called some guards into the waiting-room and said, "Observe, ladies, this is not play," and made his men load their rifles. This proceeding we watched with amusement, for one man had great difficulty in shoving in the bullets. They kept hopping in and out, and it was all we could do to refrain from smiling or even offering to show him how to do it. Our guards again led us into the train, and the ingenuous and kindly fellows put us into second-class carriages. We were just sighing with content at the unwonted luxury when we heard a noise like a wild cat going mad. This was the station-master, who was simply rushing along the platform to stop the train, yelling out, "No! No! Third class is good enough for them!" We were dragged out just in time

and bundled into our hard-seated third-class, and soldiers who had been quite happy there, were ceremoniously handed into our deserted second-class carriages. Time was when our blood might have boiled at such things; but now we would not have minded if we had been told to run the whole way behind the train as long as we were thereby shaking the dust of Germany and all things German off our feet.

Passing across the Kiel Canal more soldiers jumped in with more rifles. Curtains were drawn, and the direst penalties were threatened should we peep out. I cannot imagine what was happening in the Kiel Canal, unless the Kaiser and all his Admirals were bathing there. I do not think we could have revealed anything either instructive or amusing to the British public about it. But if by any chance we had had a bomb in our pockets, all this clicking of guns and paraphernalia of watchfulness would have helped us very much in locating the spot for our sinister intentions. I mention this so that our German foes may be more careful in future.

On this part of the journey we had a very nice guard. I asked him if he would shoot me if I put my head out of the window. He said of course he would. But apart from that he was friendly, and well he might be, for he told me he was paid a fee of twenty marks for escorting us on that little bit of way.

We were to have one more moment of long-drawn-out suspense. Just before reaching the frontier the train stopped and a new officer came in. He exhibited the same surprise, the same indignation, the same distrust of us. Our passports were examined, we were severely cross-questioned—in fact practically asked how we dared to be English. More officers came in, and we heard the dread word "*Verhaftung!*" which was generally the precursor of some hours spent locked up in a waiting-room. These Germans disappeared for about half an hour, and we all felt acutely anxious. However, the officer eventually returned and said: "You may go to Denmark to-night." We had just enough strength of mind to conceal our joy.

After our luggage had been very closely searched, we arrived at the little Danish frontier town of Vandrup, where we were free and spent the night at an inn. When we

stepped on to that bleak snowy little platform we were almost crazed with relief. I suppose it is banal to say how glorious liberty is after imprisonment; how touching the simplest acts of courtesy seemed; how strange it was just to be treated like ordinary human beings, but we felt all these things, I think, more keenly than I can hope to describe them.

Of course, we had a very long way still to go—from Vandrup to Copenhagen, from Copenhagen to Christiania, from Christiania to Bergen, from Bergen to Newcastle. But everything seemed delightful on this journey. The kindness of the Danish soldiers, who insisted on carrying all our luggage, the friendly inquiries of strangers in the train, who wanted to help us in any way they possibly could. Even forty hours across the North Sea, with its death-dealing mines, in a rolling little ship was unutterably restful and pleasant compared with one moment on German soil. Then England at the end; sailing up the Tyne, with smoky Newcastle as our harbour, was best and most wonderful of all.

I can only really attribute the petty slights and contempt with which we were treated in prison and on our way through Germany to the love of bullying which I believe to be a very large factor in German officers' characters, or to such an exaggerated fear on their part of the English nation that they revenge themselves on anything English they can find.

When we were imprisoned and detained in other places, we were always told we were considered as reprisals, and that the order for our arrest came from the highest sources. We were therefore, at first, somewhat indignant on reaching England to find that no German women had been put in prison, and that many Germans are still free and pursuing their avocations. We realised that we were not international martyrs, as we had been led to suppose, but just the victims of a bit of spiteful German bullying, which, when indulged in on defenceless English civilians, is always a sure indication that their schemes are not going as well as they could wish. We therefore willingly forgive them. I think all the members of our ambulance would like to express gratitude to Mr. Whitlock, for I am sure that without his help we should still be in prison.

Russia and the Jews

By Stephen Graham

Russia's great instinctive struggle is against Westernism. She has a great treasure in her national life, but she does not know how she came by it and does not know how to keep it. But she continually notices how she is losing that treasure, how it tends to slip away from her, and she makes great clumsy efforts to save herself and it. Hence much that is unnecessarily barbarous, much that is unjust and even stupid in the *régime* of Russia. Hence, for instance, the great ritual murder trial at Kief. Nothing could have been more clumsy and unpolitic than this trial, and from a Western point of view nothing more unjust than its intention. The prosecution was an act of hostility against the Jews in Russia, an attempt to hasten the exodus of the Jews to America, and to put in a worse position those who remained behind. For the Russian patriot cannot tolerate the Jew—he sees in him the whole instinct of materialism and Westernism and commercialism.

The Jews, especially in their new awakening, are a Western nation. They find their natural home in America. Zionism, despite the sincerity of Jewish Zionists, is a sentimentalism with many Jews, a bluff with others. The Jews can never settle in great numbers in Palestine. But in America they already tend to be a dominant factor in the population of that country. Our British blood-relationship with the Americans, it may be said in passing, is something decidedly on the wane. The Jews to-day are on the upgrade. They are not being persecuted so much as of yore, indeed on the contrary as employers of labour they begin themselves to persecute others. Be that as it may, they are availing themselves of all the opportunities of civilisation, and going forward to be masters. They are not so earnest in their religious rites, not so exclusive of the Gentile, inclined to marry into Christian families—even in Russia they are accepting baptism in considerable

numbers. All good Russians must wish the Jews God-speed when they see them embarking for America at Libau, not because they are an evil people or accursed, but because with their genius and their assumed humility they have ever been a great danger to the Russians. It is a truism to say that if the revolution succeeded, or if freedom were granted to all the peoples, the Jews would over-run Russia and all the secular power would fall into their hands.

As Christians denying the world it is difficult to see on what ground Russians trouble themselves so much about worldly conditions. They are positively afraid of the Jews.

One said to me: "How your country is falling into the hands of the Jews; your Lord Chief Justice is a Jew."

"Isn't it splendid," said I; "the head of the Law is a Jew? Now if a Jew had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury we might have had cause to complain."

What has a true Christian got to do with law? When he goes to law he ceases for the time being to be a Christian from the Eastern or Byzantine point of view. Now the Jews understand law and the judgment by a code, and law is one of the professions best suited to their temperament. The Jews are good lawyers, good bankers, brokers, commercial travellers, shipping agents, chess-players, mathematicians, and also good musicians. The weak spot in their materialistic armour is music. Through music they find access sometimes to the things of the spirit. We should not feel their success at law—like goes to like.

"A scandal, however," said my friend. "What justice can there be between Jews and Christians? Their Talmud tells them that any means against the Christian are justifiable"—and so on, the whole anti-Semitic diatribe now stale by repetition.

But to revert to the case of the ritual murder trial. A Christian boy had been found done to death in a horrible fashion: his veins cut in a special way with knives, forty wounds in his body—the position of the wounds having evidently some sort of mystic significance. Beiliss was innocent—though he was certainly involved in the murder. Someone was guilty, a madman or a Jew; and, indeed, the probability is that a Jew did actually commit the crime. Whether it was for ritual purposes or not is another matter.

Most people would agree that it was a great mistake on the part of the Russian Government to fight the Jews on the count of the murder of a Christian child. If among the illiterate and savage Jews that dwell in the remoter parts of the Pale there should exist dark sects in whose rites child-sacrifice, Moloch worship, and the like, are practised—it is merely a curiosity among religions of contemporary Europe. But the great quarrel of Russians with Jews is not on that ground. They would willingly spare an accidental Christian child now and then. No; it is with the Jewish business spirit, and in his enmity towards Christianity and the "unprofitable" Christian life that the Russian has his quarrel.

The main result of the trial was that it brought the question of anti-Semitism to the touchstone of common sense. Up till now Jews have been hated or protected emotionally, but throughout the world there has naturally set in an intellectual inquiry into the merits or demerits of the anti-Semitic case. The most significant thing about the Beiliss trial was that the Jewish people had the power to obtain from a court set on injustice the verdict of "not guilty." It proved that for the time being the argument of physical force was not available against the Jews. It turned the question into the channels of the Press, the pamphlet, the ordinary conversation. Henceforth there was much less chance of pogroms.

Russia has got to decide why she hates the Jews. Obviously, she does not hate them because they occasionally murder a Christian child—that is an absurdly Western reason, even if the fact were true—that is only the red flag of the massacre, the pretext, the inevitable lie in whose name murder is committed. There is something much deeper in this great national animosity, something which logic and common sense cannot get over.

There are two parties in Russia: an enormous one that distrusts the Jew and believes evil of him; a small one that protects him. But as regards "ritual murder" it is, of course, a comparatively small number that believes that the Jews are guilty of the practice.

One of the most interesting phenomena of the time has been the persecution of the brilliant anti-Semitic pamphleteer Rozanof, one of the contributors of the *Novoe*

Vremya and a writer recognised by everyone as being in the foremost rank in Russia. His primary feeling about the Jews may be summarised from a book of his confessions, *Fallen Leaves*.

> The Jew always begins with service and serviceableness and ends with power and mastership. In the first stage he is difficult to grapple with. What are you to do with a man who simply stands and puts himself at your service? But in the second stage no one can get equal with him. Countries and nations perish——
>
> The services of the Jews are like nails in my hands, the "caressingness" of the Jews burns me like a flame. For profiting by the one my nation perishes, and blown upon by the other my nation rots and dies. We are all running to the Jews for help. And in a hundred years all will be *with the Jews*.

This was written long before the Beiliss case. During the trial Rozanof came forward and contributed to the *Novoe Vremya* and other papers a most substantial account of the ritual practices of the Jews. Credit must be given him for extraordinary research. He had gone into the depths of black magic as propounded in almost inaccessible volumes on occultism, and had come back with a circumstantial case against secret sects of the Jews. He explained the hieroglyphics of the wounds of Yushinsky. He insisted that the great agitation made by the Jews was due to their great fear that their secrets were about to be unveiled; and bringing a wide culture and an incisive journalistic wit to bear on the subject he certainly convinced many who wished to be convinced, and, on the other hand, set a most influential band of Russian writers and thinkers against him.

Merezhkovsky and Struvé, and several other members of the Religious and Philosophical Society of Petrograd, one of the most important literary societies in Russia, protested against the membership of Rozanof, making a motion to expel him, enforcing the motion by threatening to withdraw themselves if he were still allowed to be a member. They could not continue to work with a man who held such opinions. The motion was defeated, but Rozanof on his own account resigned. Jew-lovers are ready to persecute also, pro-Semitism has its victims as well as anti-Semitism. Rozanof has lately collected his articles into a book, *The Relation of the Jews to Blood*, and several Liberal newspapers have refused advertisements of it. It is a very powerful, interesting, and curious

volume. It is rather difficult for a Russian to read it without being shaken. But then the practice of drinking blood and the existence of secret rites is a commonplace to the Russian, and his mind is prepared for a serious consideration of ideas which in the West have no countenance. The Jews have never been found sacrificing Christian children in England or America, and that necessarily binds the Anglo-Saxon race in a belief that ritual murder is a myth.

The question remains : Why are the Russians so antagonistic to the Jews? All Russians know a Jew at once by his face and his manners, so intense is the dislike of the type. There is something more in it than the arguments of this curious *cause célèbre.* I think it is due to the fundamental opposition of the Jewish character to that which is most precious in the Slav. The Tartar in the Russian is a similar type to the Jew—and, indeed, many hold that the Russian Jews are not Hebraic, but simply the descendants of Tartar converts to Judaism. The Tartar gets on happily with the Jew; but the fundamentally Slavonic, the mystical, the careless, that part of the soul of the Russians which makes them like the Celts in temperament, cannot agree with the Jew. To him the Jew is poison. Russia considers its Tartar nature the lower nature. All love of Russia and pride in Russia is love of the other and pride in the other. All that is precious in Russian is a similar type to the Jew—and, indeed, many the other—the gay carelessness, the despising of material possessions, the love of the neighbour, the mystical.

The Jews with their grasp of trade, their sympathy with Westernism and contempt of Easternism, endanger the Russian ideal. They have an immense power in the Press; the Russian Government, therefore, keeps a strict censorship over the Press, flinging editors into prison right and left, confiscating numbers of journals, inflicting huge fines. The Jews are strongly entrenched in the legal profession, and make immense fortunes by dubious means—and Russians revenge themselves weakly by exacting heavy blackmail when they can. The Jews in the Secret Police bought and sold the Revolution; witness the cases of Azef and Bogrof. The Jews are the main manipulators of emigration to America and elsewhere, having a regular

business of procuring passengers for the trans-Atlantic shipping companies, conducting the passportless across the Russian frontier, obtaining premiums from South American Trust Companies for the providing of gangs, getting the most infamous of contemporary gains by the selling of women. They are too clever for the Russians, or Russians are too easily corrupted. The consequence is that no broad legal measure is ever carried out in such a way as to stop the traffic. The result of this Russian impotency is irritation and petulancy on the part of the clean-handed, and inflamed malice on the part of the bribe-takers. Because of this which cannot be tracked down and settled between the Jew and the Russian, the latter has recourse to wanton massacre, to trial for ritual murder, and the like. The proscription of Rozanof marked an interesting development in this hostility. Liberal Russia will perhaps make up her mind to protect the Hebrews, and the Duma of the future will perhaps free them and put in their hands what is their due, business and the law. But how will the Church and the aristocracy and the poor religious mystical peasant put a bridle on the power that money and the law would eventually give the Jew in idle Russia?

The war raises the question of the rights of Jewry in another form. It has come about that the Russian and British Governments are in alliance. The Jews have been working against the possibility of an alliance for many years. They have used every opportunity to cultivate the British and American peoples in the abhorrence of Russian Government. But behold! thanks to Germany's hate of England and the maturing of that hate to war—we are all friendly towards Russia. The campaign of the Jews and those whom they had converted to hatred of Russia is badly left. If it could have been possible for England to remain neutral in this conflict there would undoubtedly have been a great campaign of defamation of Russia.

England has, however, great sympathy with the Jews. If the Russian authorities allow massacres, or if such mistaken prosecutions are insisted on as that of Beiliss, England will be cold towards Russia, and Russia will feel her coldness. Russia should know this.

The great question is: Is Russia going to do anything for the Jews when the war is over? Many think that

Russia has promised emancipation; but, of course, she has not. The Jews are conducting a very effective propaganda in the Press, watching, criticising, correcting all the statements made about the Jews by journalists and authors. Unfortunately, of those who write about Russia very few have any clear idea either of Russia herself or of the Jewish Pale; they either depict unrelieved horror or they talk of their personal dislike of the Jewish type, Jewish ways, Jewish clothes, and so on. Consequently, the correcting of journalism is a very useful way of propagandising.

The Jewish difficulty is that the Poles have been promised something as Poles, but the Jews have been promised nothing. The Belgians and the French and the British promise themselves certain rewards on the day of victory; but the Jews as Jews have been promised nothing at all, and cannot promise themselves anything. Jewry has made up its mind that though it has not been promised anything it intends to get something out of it all.

With that end in view the Jews lay emphasis on the loyalty of Jews and on the exploits of Jewish soldiers. They are entitled to do so. There are thousands of Jews fighting in the English and French and Belgian armies; not, of course, as Jews, but as British, French, and Belgian subjects respectively. There are tens of thousands serving in the Russian army. There they are serving as Jews rather than as Russians—for a Jew is denied many privileges of Russian nationality. And, of course, the Jew is compelled to serve—he has no say in the matter.

An English correspondent writes to me that we must remember that the Russian Jews could have remained neutral if they had chosen. This shows the sort of notion that gets abroad through partisan propaganda. The Jews had no choice in the matter. They might have rebelled, and so been shot down under martial law—in that sense only had they a choice.

The pro-Jewish propaganda insists on the heroism of Osnas, whom the Tsar decorated, and on the valorous deeds of the Jews serving in the Russian army. They point to the suffering and death of many Jewish soldiers, and also to the privations of Jewish families in the districts ravaged by the Germans, and they say: Does all this go for nought? Every true Englishman's answer is, It ought

not to go for nought; the Jews should be shown exceptional kindness when the war is over.

But there is another side of the argument which is not indicated in the propaganda. It is that there are also thousands of German Jews fighting in the German army, and fighting as well, suffering as much. There is also a great number of Jews in England and America who in season and out of season pursue a propaganda against Russia, chilling the friendly spirit which at present exists between Russia and the other Allies. The Russians have been staunch and loyal friends of the English and French, and have withstood all manner of seductive proposals made to them by the Germans with the object of detaching them. The Jews cannot at present claim that they are helping our cause very much. Still, that is no reason why they should be done injustice or rendered liable to further persecution in Poland. It is to be hoped that within the Jewish Pale they will be granted certain privileges of education and emigration, and that they will be better safeguarded from the individual malice of Jew-baiters.

The question of what Russia is going to do for the Jews was put to me lately by one of our most distinguished British Jews, the Lord Chief Justice. I give the conversation. Imagine the glittering, clear-cut features of one who has been eminent in law, politics, and finance. I find myself sitting next to him at dinner. We talked of Russia, of the optimism which prevails in Russia, of the poor state of Russian finances. We talked of the prospects of Poland's autonomy, and then at last. . . . "There is one question I should like to ask you especially," said my neighbour; "that is, what do you think is likely to be the position of the Jews at the end of the war? Do you think anything will be done for them?"

"Not very much," I answered. "They will not obtain freedom to go where they wish in the Russian Empire. The Russian Church without wavering is against the Jews; and, as you know, the court itself, not only has no tolerance for the Jews, but is ready to believe anything against them; anything like the ritual murder, for instance. One thing I gather from a conversation I had with M. Sazonof: they are likely to be excused military service."

"As a privilege?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, as a privilege; not as a new deprivation. The Jews are strongly against military service."

Then the conversation dropped for a few minutes, to be taken up later. I turned to my neighbour and asked:—

"Is the Government likely to ask for special clauses in the treaty of peace safeguarding Russia's treatment of the Jews?"

"We shall not have to conclude peace with Russia who is our ally, but with Germany," was the answer.

"But the Jews are making a great deal of propaganda just now. They are sowing a great deal of distrust of Russia, and they evidently intend raising the question in a very formidable fashion when once peace is in sight."

"I think, perhaps, America may put forward some proposition."

"What do you think can be done?" I asked. "The Jews cannot realise themselves as a nation in Christian Russia; they don't seem very much pleased with what I wrote in the *Times* about their realising themselves as a nation in America. Have you any personal belief in Zionism."

He did not seem to think it likely that the Children would return to Palestine.

Nevertheless, the air just now is full of prophecy about the return of the Jews. The Jews themselves are whispering much about the fulfilment of the old prophecies, and though it is not likely that the Rothschilds and the great financiers will go to Jerusalem, I believe there may be something in the possibility of the re-establishment of the Jews in Palestine as a nation.

One of the possibilities of the war is the fall of the Turkish Empire and the liberation of Syria from the Mahomedan yoke. Palestine becomes vacant—or at least eligible for a new Government. It seems to me that something might be done for the establishment of the Jews in Palestine.

The Jews won't go there all at once. That is evident. But a Jewish Government might be formed there, of financiers and representative Jews. Once a Government has been formed it could be made optional for the Jews to give up their various European national papers and become Jewish subjects. Russian Jews could then cease to be

Russian subjects and become Jewish subjects; German Jews could become Jewish subjects, and so on. They would have the financial and moral protection of their own Government. They could in time form a democracy in Palestine if they wished it; they could have their own army and navy if necessary.

This would be a great blessing to the world. Already the chief reason that the Russian peasant has for calling the Jew accursed is that he has no land of his own. The Jews ought to have a place of their own and a Government of their own. They ought not to be always fighting for their separate interests in the life of foreign nations. They are a great people, and are now, as never before, on the upgrade in civilisation; they ought to be united. The world of Gentiles also is interested to see them as a nation, and would welcome any steps the Jews would take towards the realisation of themselves as such.

The brevities of the Jewish situation may be stated thus :—

(i) Russia has promised little to the Jews, and will give little.

(ii) England has sympathy with the Jews.

(iii) America will help the Jews if she can.

(iv) The Jews are working hard for themselves.

(v) It is suggested that if the Turkish Empire falls a Jewish Government should be established in Palestine, and Jews all the world over should have the option of becoming Jewish subjects.

War at Boulogne

By Irene Roberts

November, 1914

We in England do not know what war means. For us, snug in our homes the other side of those few miles of water, life goes on much as usual. War to us means a far-away, mysterious, and involved struggle; lists of names in the papers; a sprinkling of khaki in the streets; a great deal of philanthropic activity; schemes, hospitals, and funds tumbling over each other, and endlessly appealing for money; in fact, every point of view except the real one. In the urgency of demands for body-belts, and mittens, and cigarettes, we lose sight of the real vital issue; we almost forget the ghastly hideous struggle with Death which is going on every hour, every minute of the day.

But here at Boulogne war seems very real, very near. You realise at once that you are in a country which is at war, whose ordinary everyday life has been shaken to its foundations.

Even as the ship draws alongside the quay you see that this is not France as you knew it. This is some new strange land.

You step off the gangway and you are territorially in France, but there is hardly a French official to be seen. English soldiers in khaki are everywhere. English officers are on the quay, and come on board to take over papers and give orders. Our military police patrol the town. Our Tommies, with bayonets fixed, stand guard over the bridge across the harbour. We have our Headquarters' Staff, our Army Post Office, our Censor, our Base Cashier, who have installed themselves in various ragged little houses along the quay, and hung the Union Jack out of the windows. Through the streets motors—O.H.M.S.—speed about, laden with earnest young Staff Officers in their red-banded

caps. Inside a railing, on a plot of grass—no doubt the pride of the Town Council in happier days—is encamped a score or more of Tommies, cooking over a fire, and smoking or lying asleep. In the streets are English nurses and khaki-clad soldiers, here and there a Scotch bonnet, or even a Salvation Army lass, while small boys hurry along with bundles of papers, crying out, "*Dailee Mail! Dailee Sketch! Dailee Mail!*"

The French people seem to go about their business in the background of it all, but everything brings it home that in these days there is no longer any distinction of race. In all the civilised world there are only two nations: Germans—and others.

Boulogne is a sad town nowadays. The black shadow of the war has fallen across it. A pall of gloom seems to hang over everything. It is impossible to forget for an instant the presence of so much suffering and sorrow.

The whole traffic seems to be made up of ambulances and funerals. The streets are full of motor-ambulances, going backwards and forwards between the hospitals and the quays, flying along, one, then two, then a string of them, with just a glimpse from behind of bandaged heads or a prone figure on a stretcher.

All day small companies of wounded men—"les petits blessés," as the French call them, compared with "les moyens blessés," and "les gros blessés,"—pass through the streets, marching down to the hospital ships. They look dejected little bands, shaggy-haired and unshaven, and with their clothes caked in blood and mud. Two or three are in their greatcoats, but the rest are dressed in a strange assortment of garments, and wearing queer peaked woolly caps. They carry no kit or rifles, but some have pathetic little parcels wrapped in newspaper: all that they have managed to save from the great wreck. As a contrast, perhaps, on the other side of the road march by a smart, well-groomed lot of men, just arrived from England, swinging along, brisk and confident. If one could read their hearts, which envies the others most?

There are many hospitals in and around Boulogne, in the various hotels which have been converted for the wounded—often with incredible swiftness. In one instance a big new hotel was transformed in five days into a hospital

of two hundred and fifty beds, filled with patients, and what a transformation! What different scenes, what different visitors!

In the hall strange instructions and notices are chalked up everywhere. Behind a desk marked "Concierge" a khaki-clad doctor is writing in a book. Inside a swing door labelled "Table d'Hôte" you catch a glimpse of rows of beds, and a table covered with strange-shaped bowls and glass jars. Orderlies hurry in and out, and blue-clad stretcher-bearers hasten up, and make ready to unload the ambulances. And oh! the misery of those piteous burdens! Car after car draws up at the door, and maimed and mutilated men are helped out, and hobble painfully in, an arm round each orderly's neck. Some are so bandaged up that it seems to be only the bandages which are holding the mangled mass together. Others are lying flat on stretchers, and are carried in, one after the other, and deposited in dismal rows in the hall or passage-way, waiting for someone to say where they are to go. And as they lie there others come and are carried past them and over them; orderlies hurry by, tripping over their stretchers, and doors swing to by their heads. But they notice nothing, those mute, patient figures with eyes closed. It sent a shudder through me to see them there on the ground, lying so low, already so close to their Mother Earth, who soon may be gathering them to her bosom.

As soon as the ambulances have deposited their burden they turn swiftly round and speed away for more. Like a clever retriever dog—no hesitation or indecision, not a moment's delay, no sooner is one bird laid at your feet, fluttering and maimed, than he is away, straight as an arrow, for more.

And so it goes on, day in, day out. And while one stream of wounded flows in at the hospital doors, another flows down to the quay-side, where the hospital-ships are waiting. All day ambulances hurry down, loading up the ships, and all day more come. Hour after hour stretchers are carried shoulder-high down the slippery steps under the quay and over the gangway on to the ship, to join the sad, silent crowd within.

Inside the saloon are rows of swinging cots, with a narrow passage between, and in each cot a figure. A doctor

in long white coat and rolled-up sleeves goes round with a nurse, bending over each in turn, with low-voiced conversations and questions; perhaps—ever so faint—a groan, as some painful dressing has to be done. Then to the next, and so on through all the dreary rows.

At night, when the boats are full, they cast off, and steam away with their pitiful cargo. The same cargo which, just a few weeks ago, perhaps less, came across the Channel—strong men with the fire of youth and patriotism in their eyes and the joy of life tingling through their veins. And what returns? An endless procession of mangled, suffering men, with shattered limbs, broken and torn and disfigured, creeping back home to England.

While I was on the hospital-ship two orderlies came in, leading a strange, gigantic, muffled figure, which shuffled along with slow, lifeless steps, shrouded in blankets and scarves. One by one his wrappings were taken off and he was put into his cot, where he subsided with a groan of utter exhaustion,—one who had suffered until he could suffer no more. They told me he had had his arm amputated only two days before. He was a Highlander from Argyllshire, a boy of about twenty-two, a giant of six foot four, with tight little fair curls all over his head, and deep-set blue eyes, which looked out with a haunted look from far in his head. After a few minutes I saw him patiently fumbling with his one hand at his neck, until he got out his rosary, and he lay there, with eyes closed, fingering it. They brought him some tea, and presently I persuaded him to drink a little of it. As I stood holding his cup he whispered something, so faintly that I could not hear, and bent down, expecting to hear that he was in pain, or that he wanted something. But in his gentle, halting English—the English of the Gaelic-speaking Scot—he whispered: "I hope it is not a trouble to you to hold that cup!" After four days' hell in trains and hospitals, suffering agonies of pain, his arm gone, his whole future wrecked at twenty-two, his only thought was that he was being a trouble to me.

This was only one, but it is the spirit of all. Oh! their patience! Their heroic fortitude! Whatever is done to them they bear without a murmur, just hoping soon to be left in peace. And the helplessness of them! These strong, fine men, helpless as a baby of a month old, shifted

about, in and out of trains and ambulances, taken up and dumped down, never knowing where they are going or when, at the mercy of the meanest, most slip-shod orderly, no one listening to them, their cry but one among the cry of thousands, their pain but one more added to that sum total of suffering.

I shall not soon forget the emotions of that day. Pity, for so much suffering which nothing can relieve. Abasement, that these should have given so much, and I—so little. Pride, that these should be my people, who can fight as they do, and suffer as they do. Gratitude, for what they, and thousands like them, are living through every day for me and people like me. Misery and horror to think what this war means for the whole human race; that I have seen to-day but one glimpse of what is going on in almost every country of the civilised world. Millions of the finest manhood of our time, going out deliberately to maim and mutilate and tear each other to pieces; while the husks are thrown aside, useless—the poor crushed, pitiful husks of what were once men.

All day the hospital-trains from the Front come steaming in through the town—long trains with numbered carriages and with great red crosses painted on them.

It seemed strange to see the familiar polished carriages and brass lettering of the "Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits" under these conditions. What different scenes, what different passengers, from the gay parties on the Côte d'Azur Rapide, or the Engadine Express, of brighter days!

Train after train steams in and draws up in the station, or in sidings along the quays, and out come hundreds of twisted, bandaged figures; helped out, lifted out, carried out on stretchers, feet first, through the windows. As I watched, already in some of the carriages men were cleaning and tidying up for the next journey: shaking covers and pillows out of the windows—one or two still with the ghastly imprint of the last poor head that had lain upon it. They talked unconcernedly as they worked, as if a pillow drenched with blood were a most ordinary thing to find in a railway carriage.

Here is a train full of wounded Indians, with khaki

turbans and queer flapping garments. They do not seem to have any coats, and they look frozen and miserable as they hobble painfully out and wait while the worse cases are lifted down. Soon there are rows of stretchers on the ground, each with its pathetic heap covered with a brown blanket. It is pouring with rain, and they lie there until the ambulances come—an hour, perhaps, until the last stretcher has been put in and moved off.

In a corner, behind a siding, are a group of native orderlies who have come down on the hospital-train. They are squatting on their heels round a small fire which they have lighted on the ground, and strange smells come from a black pot stewing over it. Poor shivering creatures! What do they think of the fate which has taken them up out of their own golden sun-baked land, and has set them down here on this dripping quay under this leaden sky?

A little further along a train of English wounded has just come in, straight from Ypres. They sit down on the cobblestones in the rain to wait, nursing bandaged heads and arms and feet, leaning wearily back against a lamp-post, or anything which comes handy, and never a murmur or complaint. Just the silence of despair.

Nothing gives such an idea of what these men have been through as the look of patience, of crushed dejection, of utter hopelessness on their faces. They have ceased to expect anyone to attend to them. They have ceased to expect anything. They have almost ceased to want anything or to care what happens to them.

And yet when I said, "Anyone want cigarettes?" at once they brightened up at hearing an English voice, twenty eager hands came out, and in a few minutes they were puffing away at cigarettes, and telling me all about their wounds with evident pleasure.

The biggest hospital in Boulogne is the Casino, holding five hundred beds. All the hospitals are sad, unspeakably terrible places, but there is a nightmare horror about the Casino which I shall remember to the end of my life. As I passed in through the high doorway all the ghosts of that other world, the glittering world of Russian grand dukes and the gay butterflies of the *demi-monde*, the frivolous world of champagne and string-bands and baccarat, seemed

to press round, mocking and gibbering. On either side of the wide steps are notices: "American Bar," and "Salle de Fête"; and beyond, a glimpse of hooks where the gay ladies hung their cloaks, and of gilded mirrors where they gave last dabs of powder, last touches of carmine, before they faced the baccarat rooms.

You push open the great swing-doors, labelled "Salle de Jeu," and you are in a vast hall, lit by a glass dome, and with gilt chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. On the parquet floor are rows of beds, packed close against each other, feet to head all down the great room. There must be a hundred beds in that hall alone. And in every bed a silent, patient heap of humanity.

Everywhere hangs that pungent, sickly smell, so ghastly in its associations that it seems to be the very essence, the very odour of Pain itself.

As you stand there, looking round, suddenly through the hall rings a long drawn out sound, more like the howl of a wolf than anything your ears have ever heard. It rises and falls and then dies away.

You look round appalled, expecting to see frightened nurses hurrying to the sound, doctors coming to help. But no; the sister who is leading you through pays no attention, does not even show that she has heard; and you realise that it is your part to take all this as a matter of course. Feeling physically sick, you follow after her down the ward.

A big room at the end is the officers' ward: a great gloomy pillared place, with light filtering down from a dingy glass roof. Not a window anywhere, not a glimpse of sky or tree to lead the thoughts of those poor stricken men outside the horror of their surroundings. There are twenty-five or thirty beds in this ward.

Every now and then a fresh stretcher is brought in, to be greeted by: "Hullo! Dick, old boy. When were you hit? Put him in this bed by me, Sister!"—"Hullo! how long have you been here, old man? We missed you behind that village, just after the C.O. was killed," etc., etc. And they pass each other cigarettes over the side of their beds, and settle down to go over the last week's fighting inch by inch.

Two or three men are sitting up in bed, eating unconcernedly, and over there one is playing patience, oblivious

of everything in his efforts to shepherd his rows of cards among the valleys and mountains of his blankets.

But these are the better ones. What of those silent ones with clenched hands and knuckles white with their agony, who lie hour after hour, thin-lipped and drawn, within their eyes that hunted look of those whom the Hounds of Pain are pursuing, have driven almost to a standstill?

Here lies a figure, flat on his back, with bandaged head: his eyes wide open, but with nothing save the whites visible, and his lips drawn back over his teeth in a ghastly grin. He has lain like this without moving—unconscious—for eleven days.

Next to him is a man shot through the lungs, who cough-cough-coughs without ceasing: a dry, endless cough like the bark of a sheep. He breathes with little quick gasps, which, only to listen to, makes you feel you are fighting against suffocation.

A little further on the Sister shows you a boy of nineteen, blindfolded as for some children's game. A bullet went through his head from side to side, taking with it the sight of both eyes. It is not a dangerous wound. He is hardly even in pain. He will live and get up, and go out to begin life again in a new world—the world of perpetual night.

There are, indeed, worse things than a grave on a battlefield.

Again, as you pass on, comes from the end of the hall that sound of horror, sending a shudder down the back. It rises higher and louder, echoing up to the roof, and then dies away. There is no force in it. It is not the expression of unbearable agony borne until the spirit can bear no more. It is expressionless. It is not the language of pain as we know it. It tells you nothing. It is the voice of an animal.

Looking round these wards, what breaks the heart is to think that each of these poor broken creatures is somebody's son, somebody's husband, somebody's brother. That for each of these men there is at least one woman somewhere, who would cheerfully give the eyes out of her head, the heart out of her breast, to save them an hour's suffering; who would travel barefoot to the ends of the earth to

smooth their pillow or hold their cup. And yet they have to lie and suffer, and perhaps die, alone.

Perhaps even at this minute she is sitting staring at a telegram, turning it over and over, reading its message, which says so little and yet so horribly much; calculating and comparing dates, racked with nightmare thoughts and hideous imaginings. If she is lucky he may be back in England before the telegram. If she is unlucky she may hear only in time to realise that for perhaps ten days he had needed her as never before in his life, and she did not know it. And now—he will never need her again.

Most days—quite often, they tell you—a bed is screened off. Doctors and nurses move away, and soon out come heavy-footed orderlies, bearing a stretcher covered with the Union Jack.

That is all. The screens are taken away. Clean sheets are put on, and the bed is made. In an hour it has a new occupant, and everything goes on as if nothing had happened. And here where life seems held so cheap, you begin to feel what, indeed, is the going out of one more soul to join that great and gallant company Beyond?

As I came out of the Casino, there, waiting in the drive was a line of hearses: poor one-horse affairs with tawdry draperies and silver tassels. The drivers were sitting about gossipping and smoking. They did not look as if they were keeping an appointment at any particular hour. They seemed to be waiting about until they were wanted. Which was not long, for an hour or so later, as I walked through the town, they passed me: a procession of hearses—three, four, five; it seemed to be endless. Each coffin was covered with the Union Jack. There were no flowers, no mourners. Alone they went to their last resting-place. A few Tommies sprawling on a patch of grass got to their feet and stood at the salute as their dead comrades passed. It was all they could do for them. It is all any of us can do for them now: to honour their heroism who have given all for their country, and to see that their sacrifice be not given in vain.

As I lay awake in the night, in a little room in a back street opposite the big hospital, there came sounds from

the next house, from the room beside mine. Familiar unmistakable sounds, of anguish and pain, of hurried footsteps, and voices encouraging. . . . As the night wore on the sounds of pain grew ever more and more acute. Towards dawn they ceased, and instead came the sudden wail, thin and quavering, the unmistakable little coughing cries of a new-born infant. . . .

And there, just across the street, the lights were still burning in the great hospital, and figures hurrying to and fro. Perhaps, even at that moment, a soul was venturing forth on its lonely journey through the gates of death. And here is a soul on the threshold of the gates of life. One departing, the other arriving. One dropping his burden, the other taking it up.

And so the world goes on.

"Thou turnest man to destruction: again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men."

Some Side-lights on Affairs in South Africa

By Wilfred Hemery

The English public has doubtless been made familiar with the main items of South African news since the war. How in the first place the Union Government, at the request of the Imperial Government, undertoook the very serious task of invading German South-West Africa. Once such a contingent is dispatched all responsibility for the Colonial Government is at an end. Here all the Imperial troops have left, we have our natives, we have also, alas! our rebels, and we have undertaken the invasion of a desperately difficult country garrisoned by a small, but probably very efficient, German force. South Africa has certainly deserved well of the mother country in this matter. The Government's decision was ratified in the Union Parliament by 92 votes to 12, the minority consisting of Free State Hertzogites.

After Parliament was prorogued the trouble began. First came the resignation of General Beyers, accompanied by the rumblings of rebellion, then the accidental shooting of Delarey, then Maritz went over to the enemy at the Front and handed over to the Germans those of his men who refused to go over with him, then General Beyers and finally, De Wet, came out in actual rebellion.

A key to the situation is that the South African Dutch are so extraordinarily irresponsible and so easily swayed by their leaders. This trait was shown in the late war when the large number of National Scouts deserted their country in its death grapple for freedom and fought on the side of the enemy. It is very likely that some of these same National Scouts are among the present rebels. Some of Maritz's men who gave themselves up the other day cheerfully suggested that they should now be sent against

the Germans. Again, at the time De Wet came out, I was travelling through the Free State from Natal. We had just heard the news that Maritz's forces had been scattered, and knew nothing of any further rebellion, when we learnt that a train had been held up by the rebels at Reitz, near by, and it was thought that our train might be held up also at any moment. An officer of one of the irregular forces with whom I was travelling, actually drafted a telegram for me to dispatch in the likely event of his being captured: "taken prisoner by the rebels at Bethlehem." However, our train was not held up, and the same night, at Modderpoort, a little further along the line, we were awakened at midnight by the local band playing on the platform—not, indeed, "God Save the King," that would be rather too much to expect of the Free State just yet—but "Rule Britannia," and the "Marseillaise" (just recognisable), while a crowd was cheering the youths who were joining our train *en route* for Botha's Army! With many a young Free Stater, it is probably just as much a toss-up whether he joins Botha's Army or De Wet's Commando as it is with an English boy leaving school whether he shall go to Oxford or Cambridge.

Another factor in the case is the woeful ignorance and religious superstition of the back-velder, and in this connection the sinister figure of the prophet, van Rensburg, which looms behind the whole business, may be mentioned. This man is said to have prophesied the last war and Methuen's defeat: this year he prophesied the present war, and, even more convincing to the back-velder, he foretold correctly rain in Lichtenburg in August—an almost unknown occurrence. Finally he prophesied that now was the time for the Boers to regain their freedom. He is said to have had a very great influence over Delarey, and it was, perhaps, a merciful accident which brought to a close that General's honourable career. This accident must rank as one of the most remarkable coincidences in history. On the day of Beyers's resignation the two generals were proceeding to Potchefstroom, the headquarters of the Defence Force, while the police were holding up all motors in a search for motor bandits who had been robbing banks and murdering police. The car refused, or failed, to stop, a policeman fired at one of

the back tyres, and the bullet hit the ground and a portion ricocheted and killed Delarey. Almost fortunately, as it was said, an Englishman, Dr. Grace, son, I believe, of the famous "W. G.," was killed in almost the same way, on the same evening, upon failing to stop his car. A few weeks later Beyers himself went out on active rebellion. And here is a well-authenticated incident which is said to have taken place two days before his camp was attacked. General Botha sent for Commandant Alberts and asked him if he was quite sure that all his men were loyal and could be depended upon. Alberts expressed his certainty that they could. "Well," said Botha, "you will be surprised to hear that seventy men have joined Beyers's rebels." Alberts was astounded, fetched his sjambok, mounted his horse, and rode straight to where Beyers's camp was known to be, forty miles from Pretoria. He found some of his men there, and asked them what they meant by disgracing his name by joining the rebels. "No," they said, "we haven't joined the rebels, we have been called out by the Government," and they showed the notices calling them out signed by Beyers as Commandant-General, upon official Government paper. Whereupon Commandant Alberts sought out Beyers himself and asked him: "What do you mean by calling out my men on Government orders to your rebel camp?" "No," replied Beyers, "I never meant to do that, those papers were signed weeks ago." "Well, come and explain that to my men," said Alberts, which Beyers did, and Alberts departed with his seventy! Thirty-six hours later, Alberts and his men assisted in the attack upon the rebel camp from which Beyers only just succeeded in making his escape, first by motor car, then by Cape cart, then on horse-back, it is supposed to German South-West Africa. It is noteworthy that as far as possible Botha is utilising only Dutch against the rebels. A mere Britisher feels quite out of it in this affair.

And is there anything to be said for these rebels as fighting for their country's former freedom? Well, if ever a rebellion, even for freedom, was not justified, this is not. No spark of nobility seems to attach to it—nothing but the rankest treachery as far as Beyers and Maritz are concerned. And De Wet? Out of his own mouth he is

easily condemned. Here is the ending to the book, "The Three Years' War," which was published under his name: "To my nation I address one last word. Be loyal to the new Government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for freedom."

And a correspondent to the *Cape Argus* has recalled the following incident which took place at a picnic at Paarl, given to the members of the National Convention for Union. There was an old gun mounted upon a rock at the spot, and De Wet, laying his hand upon the cannon, said: "The man who disturbs the peace of the Union after this ought to be placed in front of this gun, and I myself would fire it off and smash him to bits." But even more damning are his own words uttered at Vrede during the present rebellion. His speech has doubtless been reported in England in full, but, at any rate, one extract, a marvel of futility, will suffice:—

"I signed the Vereeniging treaty and swore to be faithful to the British flag, but we have been so down-trodden by the miserable and pestilential English that we can endure it no longer. His Majesty King Edward VII. promised to protect us, but he has failed to do so, and allowed a Magistrate to be placed over us (he is one of the pestilential English) who is an absolute tyrant, and has made it impossible for us to tolerate it any longer. I was charged before him for beating a native boy. I only did it with a small shepherd's whip, and for that I was fined five shillings."

Is it any wonder that the rumour runs in Bloemfontein that De Wet has gone mad?

General Hertzog's position is another peculiarity in the situation. When Maritz went over to the enemy he sent an ultimatum to the Government that he should be allowed to confer with General Hertzog, De Wet, Beyers, Kemp, and Muller. Considering that the last four have all since joined Maritz in active rebellion, it might have been expected that General Hertzog, who headed the list, would at least have taken an opportunity by now to dissociate himself from them. However, the only action which he has taken up to the present has been a libel action for £30,000 against the *Johannesburg Sunday Times* with reference to

an amusing cartoon. The picture showed the six generals sitting on the South African branch of the British Empire tree, and Maritz is sawing off the branch from the outside, so that they will all fall together with the branch into a pool below containing German crocodiles. Hertzog would appear, however, to be working for good, and perhaps he is right in thinking that he can do more good by working underground than by coming out with an open avowal of loyalty. At any rate, he was provided with a special train in which he went out to interview De Wet on the first day of the rebellion, apparently without result; and it is significant that while the other commandos were vigorously dealt with immediately, no very active measures were taken at first to suppress De Wet, the Government's excuse being that "very serious efforts by very important gentlemen are being made to bring that rebellion to a close without serious bloodshed."

The inner history of the rebellion will perhaps never be known. Was it conceived on the spur of the moment when the war broke out, or did it have its beginnings when Beyers was the particularly honoured guest of the Kaiser, or when Maritz was head of the transport for the German South-West war? What were their plans? Why did not Beyers try to carry out the same plan as Maritz and try to go over to the enemy with the bulk of his forces after he had reached the front? Was he too honest, or did his nerve fail him, or did the piece of lead which caused Delarey's death perhaps spoil well-laid schemes? What were their hopes? Surely something better than this sporadic, almost comic opera affair, dubbed by General Smuts "the five-bob rebellion."

Lastly, I cannot close without a word upon General Botha, the idol of South Africa and more especially of the Rand. What he has done has been entirely splendid; what he has not done will hardly bear thinking about. A *coup d'état* by a Government almost wholly Dutch, with all the Imperial troops out of the country, and nearly all the other British troops away in German South-West Africa or on the far borders of the colony, is not a pleasant thing to contemplate—and yet it is certain that Botha has never even dreamed of the temptation. And he is irreplaceable. Jannie Smuts has none of Botha's personal influence, and

is perhaps rightly considered a little too "slim." None of the other leaders are at all of the same class, and are for the most part Cape Colony men without influence in the Transvaal. It is no wonder that the fear which haunts South Africa at present is neither the fear of the enemy nor the fear of rebellion, but the fear that this good man may lose the life which he is risking.

Cathedrals or Copper

By Austin Harrison

It would seem a long way between cathedrals and copper; moreover, there is no spiritual affinity. But extremes often meet in this mad world, and so to-day, however remote the connection between the great Gothic monuments in stone, the "Houses of God" of our fathers, and the metal which is used in shells for purposes of destruction, these two utilities of man meet, as it were, across the ages, in the clash of two distinct civilisations, and, strange to say, it is the dead civilisation which cries for life against a living one which threatens it with death.

Once more, the cathedrals of Europe would appear destined to play their part in history. To many of us moderns, these superb relics of the past had come to be somewhat of an anachronism, renovated, stayed and propped up as the symbols of antiquity rather than of any living expression, to which we paid the tribute of memory. They were heirlooms, things—(must we say it?)—objects of art? They marked the stages of an itinerary. We went to them, walked round them, studied them, as an educational course. Yet even as we stared up at the vaulting shafts and followed the ribs, the thrusts, the arches, the pillars and domes, surveying not without awe that flight after flight of energy in stone which is the glory of the Gothic art, we felt uncertain, a little troubled perhaps, for withal these stones no longer spoke to us with the life and from the purpose of the people, even as the force of Man which created them had itself lost its spirituality. But there they were, mute with a stupendous nobility. And we made pilgrimages to them and wrote books about them, and all "good Americans" who crossed the ocean were conducted to their shrines as a pious rite of their travels.

It is the Indians who say, "the arch never sleeps." To be sure, the cathedrals are again awake. Above the hideous

slaughter of war, they tower into the heavens like effigies of imperishable truth, seeming to appeal to all that is great and beautiful in life. These edifices, which seemed to have forfeited their soul, are to-day articulate with meaning, pregnant with a new sense. They cry to our modern civilisation with no doctrinal accents, from no God of any altar-piece. They speak for what Mr. March Phillips, in a noble work upon the cathedrals, recently called the "works of man."

The cracked bells of Louvain and Rheims ring throughout civilisation as never before in any age. Not as churches of a theology or of a nation are they calling to us, but as the spirit incarnate of man living because itself immortal. The cathedrals, changing their *rôle* towards humanity, imbibing for the first time since their creation the truth of human inspiration, lead the purpose and nobility of mankind serried in a common cause. Their intolerance, the suffering they have caused, the anachronism of them, these have gone. Not a man considers the dogma of their Catholicity, what is the furniture of their association. They are threatened. The vandals are abroad. Some of the most beautiful edifices in the world have been destroyed by the armies of a modern civilisation. Many of the sweetest spots in Europe have been shot away. They bleed, like the Sacred Heart. Through these stones the dead speak to us with the inherent purpose and usefulness of life. The works of man, these proud places are the possession not of a people or of a race, but of the world. And in striking at these monuments, the Germans have struck not only at man, but at art which has its foundations in Liberty. They have thus struck at the spirit of the age, at life itself. So the cathedrals live again. So the stones of our fathers reclaim us.

It is all very tremendously surprising, to the theologian not least of all. His cathedrals are threatened with destruction by the "most Protestant" and the "most Catholic" Powers in Europe, and they are being defended by Catholics and Protestants and by fighting Pagans from India and Africa. In this war of two antagonistic Christian civilisations, religion, so-called, has disappeared. The voice of Christianity is stilled. In the defence of the cathedrals, rating now as stones of art or freedom, the Sikh,

the Pathan, the Ghurka, the Arab, the Senegalee, the yellow man of Japan are fighting with the Atheist and the Jew and the Gentile as one civilisation: under the same God. For the first time in history, race, creed, colour, and flag are united in the common cause of man's nobility. Shoulder to shoulder, black and white, the Tartar and the Ethiopian, the Catholic and the Protestant are marshalled under the shadow of the cathedrals against the Teuton Thugs and iconoclasts who, in the name of Christianity, would destroy them. The East has joined forces with the West. What religion all these centuries has failed to achieve, the stones of the Gothic or German cathedrals have brought about overnight, as it were a miracle. A human miracle at last. Superstition, this time, is on the side of the Germans, the destroyers and despoilers of the churches. Thus, very beautifully, the works of man have proved more enduring and inspiring than man himself. A new Christianity has been evolved, the true Christianity which is the religion of man. No Prophet has arisen. No man tells of a vision. Humanity has just come together to protect its cathedrals from sacrilege and wanton destruction, and it is the most hopeful and philosophic event in all history.

None the less, the Hun at war is strong and utterly pitiless, and his need is of copper. To him, violence is civilisation. His Lutheranism is the sword. And shells being sheeted with copper, that article, therefore, he must have. Otherwise he could not fight, for the home supply is small. His work would come to an end; his purpose, the conquest of Western Europe, would be frustrated. Without copper, there could be no philosophy of valour; and so as copper is one of the ingredients of Might it is his German right to have it. Absurd to deny him this prerogative, moreover unfair. No man, he argues, has the right to complain, if the German Armies are more powerful than those of other peoples, more ruthless in their application of force, less sensible to the corroding influences of sentiment. What the defence has, the offensive also may claim. To allow England copper while refusing it to Germany is fantastic. If copper comes from America, then Germany has just as much right to import it as her enemy, Great Britain. Without copper there can be no war, and war is every nation's right and the buckler of all

nobility. That Germany wishes to fight, to seize, to destroy is no man's affair but her own and that of her foes. And America is a neutral State only remotely concerned with the cathedrals of effete Europe, to whom good business is essential. That business Germany gladly offers. She is prepared to pay—war prices, any prices, if need be. Why not? What does America care for Europe, or for the hallowed places of France and Belgium? There is no sentiment in business, or in war. The purpose of copper is immaterial. In a "religious" war of this nature the American business man can pretend to no scruples. The conscience of Germany is quite as good as that of Belgium. War is war, and business is business, and Germany is engaged in both. She is fulfilling her destiny. The good business men of America would be acting in collusion with the foe if they neglect the first principles of commerce.

"We Germans," as the world knows, "rely upon the good German blade"—*Das gute deutsche Schwert.* In modern warfare, that means copper. Conditions have changed, that is all. See how the German guns knocked down the forts of Antwerp! Copper. Think with what accuracy the German gunners trained their missiles on Rheims Cathedral. Copper. Count (if you have the stomach) the number of French and English, Russians, Serbs, and Belgians that our shells have sent to the "locker," as the Britishers call it; the legions of mutilated men sent to crawl about the earth, the towns and villages, the churches, steeples, and old-world *bric-à-brac* blasted into the air. Copper again. Ah, it is a good thing this copper of the Americans! It has turned Belgium into a smoking ruin; it turns forts inside out. Even in England they have felt it: the civilians, the women, and the little children. The English picture it in their electric theatres, show its results upon the seaside houses we wrecked and shattered; its scars lie upon every hamlet in Belgium. And it is all for the good of the Fatherland, and so for civilisation. In German hands, passed through the alchemy of Krupps, this copper is turned into God's own copper. And, there, it comes from "God's own country." An Alliance, one might call it. A message of peace from the land of Arbitration. We Germans fear God alone, for man is gun carrion. War is a glorious thing. It was fine to see good German flames

lick up the streets of Louvain, to probe for souvenirs in the wreckage of Malines, to snipe the gargoyles off Rheims Cathedral, to pick off the old ladies' bonnets at the Hartlepools. Nothing like it. All done with copper. No hocus-pocus. Guns, copper, and gunpowder. Hey presto! Bang goes a gun and off drops a flying buttress, easy as winking. Germany's destiny! So the German wipes out the Middle Ages.

In the name of culture. The admirable Dr. Kuno Meyer knows. He will tell the Americans all about the values of copper, explain its properties, motive its application; no doubt with quaint examples derived from Celtic lore. The higher civilisation depends upon Germany and the German professors, as Americans can see from the mere fact that Young Turkey has thrown in her lot with the Germanic idea. If England had not been so short-sighted, she would have done likewise. But she will rue the day she decided to fight for the Cossacks. Hindenburg is the man for copper. He can't get enough of it. He wants to blow up the Kremlin, carry off the Malachite from the Hermitage, and then come back and smash down Paris. But he must have his copper. He cannot be expected to kill five million Russians without the proper implements. You see, it is serious. Deprive Hindenburg of his copper, and what is glory to Hindenburg? He may not win to it. At the gates of Paradise he fails. He cannot burst them open without his shells. But give him copper, and he undertakes eventually to knock down St. Paul's; and, if the Italians don't look out, to train his "fat Berthas" on ancient Rome. For he has sworn that nothing Gallic shall escape him. "Wipe out and pass on," he says. A grand "meaty" fellow. The German Napoleon. No man quite like him in the German Armies. A Plebeian, too—unpopular in Germany before the war for that reason. To Americans, therefore, a reason the more for sympathy. And the great man thunders: "Copper. Give us Germans copper. There are still scores of mediæval places to destroy." Talk about Liberty, here are bone and tissue worthy of "Old Walt," a cheery Lord of human destiny!

But Remus smiles and hitches up his pants. "Brer Rabbit," he says, "has seen enough of that Tar Baby. He ain't got no more use for him." He thinks of Paris—the

El Dorado of Americans, the happy hunting-ground of the artist and the millionaire, the sanctuary of things pleasant and Edenic, whither "little brother" goes to learn painting, and Susan goes to live in the Bois, where Whistler finally settled with his mother, where American ladies study art and the confections, and all travellers to the Old World gravitate, where even the Rastaquero fulfils his mission. Why, every American who comes to Europe hears Mass once in the Madeleine, climbs up the Eiffel, looks at Venus in the Louvre, drives to Notre Dame, sups at the Riche, visits the Français, has some joyous hours of memory from *chez* the Abbé or the old Moulin or round about the little cemetery where they bury artists. Hindenburg may want copper to knock these places down, but, Gee whizz! he could not build them up, or anything like them. There are no *brioches* in Berlin. After all, Paris is a pretty good crucible for any man. Not much he can't get there, from grilled snails upwards. A man can think in Paris, almost he is constrained to. How good, too, the omelettes, how wise the champagne! And there is Fifi. She looks much better in silks than she would with Hindenburg's copper about her legs. Lots to do in Paris, sure. Historic, that is what Paris is. The home of the arts. The Fair of life. Holy Jesus, why destroy it! Whatever use can there be in this havoc craze of Hindenburg? Why, of course there ain't no use. Give Hindenburg copper to disembowel antiquity; not I, nor any other American!

But this is a "Holy war," the German professors respond; a war of defence; besides, "business is business." "We wouldn't refuse you paraffin, when you wish to burn your negroes." It is not for a business man to ask questions, to pose as a moral reformer. His part is to sell, to make what profits he can; and here with copper he can get rich in a shipment. Perhaps you don't understand the nature of Germany's mission in the world, the nobility of her task. It so happens that copper is an essential feature of it. To build up it is necessary first to destroy. The business man who has qualms as to the uses which may be made of the goods he has to sell is not a business man at all. He is an Englishman. And every German knows what that is. Besides, there is Free Trade; also there are rights of neutrality. What can it signify to the

business world of America how many towns, churches, or babies are blown away in Poland or France or Belgium provided it gets the cash! There are no moral values in trade, any more than there are in Treaties. The Germans broke theirs at the convenient moment, and not a man in Germany is a penny the worse. Fair play and money down is a sound argument. America is not a belligerent. But Hindenburg declares she is if she refuses him copper. We Germans cannot scatter our enemy's entrails if America shies over copper. And copper tells no tales. It is merely a wrapper for good German shells. If America desires peace, then America must give copper. It is the quickest way, and, in the end, the most merciful. The wise surgeon cuts deep. Effectively to superimpose German culture upon Europe much masonry must be demolished, otherwise it may be a half job. A bad thing always. Copper is, in short, America's tribute to the Teutonic genius.

"With God and Kaiser."

Meanwhile the wind moans round the stricken belfries of the cathedrals in France and in Flanders, and the rain beats down upon the old stones; and in the transepts and bodies of the churches men lie in row upon row, maimed and withering with pain, and here a nurse flits across where formerly a priest alone did service, and now fresh wounded are brought in for the night and there a soldier counts his beads for victory. And the gargoyles laugh as the rain pours out of their mouths, and in the vaults below the dead groan in their sleep. For the churches are awake at the call of man.

"We stand here," the cathedrals cry, "for mankind, because we are the creation of man. Hindenburg may rejoice in his fell destruction. The Kaiser with his trumpetry of God and Fatherland may urge his subjects to slay and cast down, but he and the German soul are demented with error. What God has put up, man shall not destroy. We, as the works of man, are God. For we are the poetry of life. Those who destroy us are destroying themselves. In us there reposes the imaginative genius of centuries of toil and errantry. We have come down to you through the long channel of time in trust of your ancestry. We are the life that is. In our walls, under our floors, there lie the bones of the great men who wrought for humanity

before you. Their peace is your continuity. All the work that men put into us, they gave into your keeping to uphold and reverence. Every stone laid upon us was a stone placed on the citadel of Liberty. Step by step we grew, laboriously, with infinite pains. We are the navel of history. Sons, soldiers, from the Dark Ages we greet you. Be strong. Gird up your loins. Earth to earth, we cry to you, we are the life of human strife and endeavour. Give Peace in our time to all men."

Once more the cathedrals are heard. Hindenburg may want his copper, but man has need of his soul. His history rises there before him, tangible, animate, and the blood of his life is spattered on its tapestry. In his cathedrals, quick again with life, man stands, as it were, astride the stream of the past and of futurity, and they seem one purpose and construction. To create. The rude walls of these buildings, battered with passion and the blows of mortal ignorance, have lost their theodicy. They frown no longer from the divinity of books. Man kneels humbly before them in obeisance to mankind. The cathedrals belong to him, for they are the spirituality of man. Every finial and lineament in their bodies represents a man handed down through his work to posterity. Every stone in every cathedral of France and Belgium speaks from some mother's womb, breathing there with love. The mind marvels at its noble energy. It is the energy of life.

In the cathedrals, civilisation finds a new meaning which is the explanation of the war. To fight the blood and bones of the dead, this is not the law of any civilisation, of any Monarch, or of any Army: such work is savagery. The man who passes by hears the German cry for copper, but he is at peace. If there is no death, he knows from his cathedrals that there is life. It is enough. The falsity of German thought will be uprooted from the world, nor, before the choice of cathedrals or copper, has he any fear in his heart as to the sanity of "Uncle Sam."

Conscription

By Austin Harrison

Now that Christmas is over and we have bought our "remnants" at the sales, the public is slowly waking up to the magnitude of the military task confronting this country. The numerous bets about "war over by Christmas," the "Russians in Berlin by the end of November," have fallen rather hard on the givers of odds—Berlin is still illuminated at night, the theatres there are packed nightly, there has not even taken place the great battle which was to decide everything, from the fate of Kaiser Wilhelm downwards. And we have made a discovery. This military secret is the revelation that all depends upon our good Ally, the Russians.

It does, and did so from the day war was declared, thanks to our grotesque unpreparedness; yet so far as this country is concerned, it is only a conditional truth. So long as the Russians contain the main German Armies in the East, Paris, we may say, is safe; the Germans cannot hope to break through the enormously entrenched Anglo-Belgian-French lines, and as we can presumably hold those lines indefinitely in view of the French railways, our supremacy on the seas, and the supplies which it is in our power to give, of men and material, the Klucks and the commanding Princes of Germany seem destined to wallow in the mud on the tactical defensive for as long a period as they can stomach it—a condition which obviously will depend on the strength of the offensive we put up against them now and—when the time comes.

So far so good. But were the Russians to tire of the war, were anything in the nature of a half-hearted Russian offensive to take the place of the energetic campaign hitherto conducted by them, the situation for France would at once reassume its critical aspect of the early days of the war; indeed, without Russia, we may admit that the sub-

jugation of Germany would be a military impossibility unless we put an Army of some three million men into the field, trained and fully equipped with heavy artillery and machine guns.

To Russia, then, the honour of beating the Germans. We may say, confidently that a lot of Germans are dying every day in Poland, and, in the long run, seeing that even in Germany the supply of males is not inexhaustible, every life therefore counts and is a nail in the Kaiser's coffin. Quite true. We have pledged the national honour to encoffin German militarism. Say it is a question of seven to ten million nails. Good. Many have been driven in already. Perhaps a round million. But still there are a good many left. The military value of the Russians is thus obviously a most decisive factor in the war: it is, indeed, the platitude of the situation.

To England, however, it is not the all-decisive factor. Unfortunately, the Russians cannot be spirited into Belgium; it is conceivable that they may not be able to break through into Prussia; it is more than probable that the Austro-German Armies will eventually be compelled to fall back upon a campaign of the tactical defensive, *i.e.*, trenches, a barrier in modern conditions which, as we and the French know, presents difficulties (provided the supplies of the defensive can be maintained) well-nigh insurmountable, though the word is, of course, not to be found in the military dictionary, and has not yet found recognition in English history. Be that as it may, the barrier exists on the Western front, and a similar barrier may arise on the Eastern side when the snow and the slush have disappeared and the birds sing in the spring.

Militarily, we have to reckon thus with the possibility of stalemate on the East, and, if we are wise, with the possibility even of political stalemate, which is what Germany confidently counts upon. A German Empire economically corked up is not a pleasant thing for Germany, to be sure. Persisted in for a couple of years and more, it is a condition which alone might force the two German Emperors to their knees, but it is not the end to be aimed at; in the first place, because so long as Germany has negotiable assets to make terms with, the Allies are not likely to obtain the conditions essential either to the sum of their own

enforced sacrifices or to the idea of any lasting peace; and secondly, because a war of economic attrition or exhaustion may take an unconscionable time to bring about in which the imponderabilia of interest and incalculable conjuncture may play their disintegrating part.

Our response has been magnificent. In five months we have become a nation of soldiers. The idea of the Germans that Britain was decadent, supine, in her "hobble-de-hoydom," as one German professor put it, has been proved utterly false; so false, indeed, that we are astonished at our own national spirit; in short, what voluntary effort can do, that we have done, and still are doing in a ratio far exceeding the machinery provided, or supposed to be provided, for the emergency, truly showing that the "spiritual home" of Englishmen is still England and not Germany, as very recently we were politically given to understand.

Faced at last with the philosophy of Valour, our philosophy of muddle has had to go to Charlottenburg—the nursery of German militarism. The German beams and motes and Party spiders have gone out of our eyes. At war, England is one.

To-day all politicians admit this. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has revealed to us that "we must get rid of all delusion on the subject of war," and Lord Haldane, thinking always of precedent, the blight and bane of this lawyer-policed country, has salved his conscience with the discovery that there is nothing unconstitutional in the notion of conscription, though he qualified the statement by an expression of opinion that conscription "should not be adopted in peace time," and that it should not be resorted to "unless it actually becomes a matter of vital necessity."

Here we have an announcement which, coming from the Government, it behoves people to consider. Lord Haldane's view that conscription should not be enforced in peace time has at least the merit of the pantomime season. Consider what it means. In theory and practice, it constitutes the endorsement of Manchester unpreparedness, a condition abhorrent to the German professorial mind which is the one Lord Haldane professes to admire. But apart from the inconsistency of the view so far as he personally is concerned, it is obvious that a nation which does not prepare in peace will certainly be unready in war—as we have found,

pace the Territorials and Lord Haldane's good work in connection with them. Soldiers, of course, know that conscription cannot be foisted on a people in a hurry; the machinery has to be made, the system of the dossier has to be prepared and accepted, there must be barrack accommodation, facilities for instruction, and then there is the question of arms and equipment. In short, conscription can only be introduced by way of growth, for it is the collective physical expression of the State, which may be described as the disciplined consent of the governed to form one unity of national power under the direction of an accepted Government.

We have only to use our eyes to see the difficulties confronting a nation suddenly called to arms. The argument that conscription should not be enforced in time of peace is a six-and-eightpenny plea. It is the doctrine of amateurishness, it is to say that a boxer just before the fight had best spend his nights "on the roof." We "caught" it pretty badly over the Boer War. Nothing shows the ineradicable conservatism of the legal mind more plainly than the re-enunciation of the *laissez-aller* principle at this historic crisis.

Lord Haldane's statement that conscription should not be resorted to unless it "becomes a matter of vital necessity" is of importance, because it shows that the Government does not think the point of necessity has been reached, from which we must infer that, in their opinion, recruiting and our military strength are sufficient, whence it follows, obviously, that Lord Haldane, too, is relying upon the Russians. But up till the war he relied upon the Germans. Probably he speaks from military information withheld from the lay public. I have no means of knowing. We are fighting this war in the dark. We are not told anything except what we may not retell. The question as to the feasibility of conscription, which could raise at full stretch another million men, men of intelligence and capabilities, in view of our totally inadequate machinery as regards arms, instruction, equipment, and almost every other military requirement, is one for the military authorities alone to answer, and Lord Haldane presumably spoke at their direction. It is the affair of the soldiers. All the same, we are exhorted to furnish yet more divisions of

combatants, and even the women are touted to prick them on—in itself a travesty of democratic freedom and incidentally of the Governmental attitude. The assumption, therefore, is permissible that Lord Haldane's statement was in the nature of what the Germans call a *ballon d'essai*, foreshadowing military compulsion, and that whosoever is responsible for the conduct of affairs is not yet satisfied with the numbers enlisted, and, as that apparently is the case, that the means for equipping them, etc., are likewise providable.

This intimidation method of recruiting is not particularly edifying in a "free" and democratic people, more especially in a war of liberation which we now claim is to end in a "Commonwealth of Europe," or some such other academic nomenclature. But the nomenclature, at present, is immaterial. The need is of men. The results of this chaotic enthusiasm cannot be deemed noble—"enthusiasm" (Wellington once wrote), "never helped to accomplish anything, for it is only an excuse for the disorder with which everything is done, and for the want of discipline and obedience in armies." It has led to something like a crisis in the numerous Volunteer Training Corps recruited from men of a "certain age" who for very real reasons felt unable to go to the front, except as a last resort, yet who joined these corps out of a spirit of patriotism for purposes of example and in the spirit of the Landsturm, and who are now called upon to sign on as Regulars, while thousands of young and unmarried men devote themselves to "business as usual." Whether any Volunteer Corps ought to have been permitted is another question, but they arose naturally in the land of chaotic and unorganised effort. To draw from these elderly patriots with families dependent upon them, while the unmarried youth of the country is still untapped, is just the sort of thing that Wellington decried. Nor is it in the least a sentimental question.

Like marriage itself, it is an economic question. It is bad political economy for a State to allow its middle-aged married men to go to war in preference to the unmarried—an axiom so closely adhered to in the German Army that an officer who marries has to leave the service unless he can prove his economic independence. The man with a wife and three children dependent on him, who goes out, dies,

and thereby puts four individuals on the streets, is of a negative national value unless he kills at least the equivalent of four Germans. He enlisted originally for Home Defence—in case of invasion. He did so from admirable motives. The Government never informed him whether invasion was anticipated or possible in existing conditions —it was not for him to tell them. So he enrolled himself and took to drill. As things are, he may presently be asked to "go out." A brave man, he will go, while hundreds years younger than he stay behind, and the man's family are turned into paupers.

Another problem that has arisen out of our chaotic enthusiasm is the discovery (we always make discoveries) that our industrial life is seriously hampered by the want of skilled labour, many of the best workmen, the skilled artisans, engineers, etc., having enlisted; with the result that now, when the intensive manufacture of arms and war material is of paramount importance, we find their output gravely impeded—the useful and indispensable men having been allowed to "go," while unskilled labour stayed behind. Want of system, that is all. The Germans have not done that. This is the sort of thing one fails to understand in a Government of which Lord Haldane, the student of Germany, is a member. Had we a business executive these anomalies and wasted energies would cease. Such an executive is, indeed, the crying need of the country.

Our "pull Baker, pull Devil" war administration may be "sporting," but it is not so economically sound as conscription, a word which terrifies us chiefly because it involves discipline. Every Power in Europe has conscription in some form, but no one would say that the militia conscription of Switzerland connotes aggression, which is what we seem to mean by conscription. Though the Allies are fighting for every conceivable principle of Liberalism, the very men who told us Germany was our friend are now terrified at the possibility of conscription; in other words, at the idea of a nationally armed England—which is the surest and quickest way to end the war. If it is true that the manufacture of arms and equipment barely keeps pace with the actual training and recruiting of men, then of course conscription would only cause a worse confusion, and in truth we must rely on the Russians. But it is hard

to credit. With our immense wealth, it is inconceivable that England, however unready, could not, if she set to work on business lines, compass the difficulties; knock up the needful temporary barracks, herself make or buy the necessary arms and equipment, could not, if she willed, make the business of "arms as never before" a practical fact. Had we started out with the preparation for conscription—as we ought to have done—the day war was declared, by now we should have been fairly ready for the men. We have missed six months. We have missed the prodigious moral effect conscription in this country would have exercised upon the Germans, an effect not to be despised. It would have shown the Germans that we were terribly in earnest. It would have stopped the idea, unfortunately only too current abroad, that we are fighting on our comfortable principle of "limited activity," letting others do the work for us.

The objectors to conscription or system with business-like assumption and application of responsibility, talk of "controversy and schism" in the event of its introduction; in plain words, they think Party-politically. But there are no Party Politics to-day. No man, not a Hyde Park orator, cares a jot what Government is in power to-day so long as England fights to beat down the armies of German culture with all the evil, brutality, arrogance, academic theories and falsities which constitute the philosophy of Germanic Aryanism. The sole question in Europe to-day is the amount of violence that can be brought to bear against the Germans. There is no controversy in the land. We want to do our best as a single corporate civilisation, shooting down Germans for the future benefit of humanity.

Conscription does not imply Hohenzollern militarism. It means that we fight collectively because, in spite of all British paradox, we have now got to think nationally, the principle, indeed, of the present war. If the soldiers demand conscription and hold they can cope with it, that man is a fool or a traitor who opposes it, and there can no longer be any reason in him. To argue about the Home political consequences of conscription while Germany holds down, despoils and starves all Belgium, and a large part of France and of Poland, this is the method of the ostrich.

Better a Potsdam cannibal any day. It is the precise attitude that every German expects England to adopt, all the more now that the German soldiers have had some practical experience of our "contemptible little Army."

The question is one purely of military necessity, and not in the least of Party Particularism. It is far more dignified to enforce national service, control freights and prices generally, than for the State to chivy on the women to speed up the men by way of advertisement. "You go, Jack, and I'll let you kiss me," is a curious device for our so-called free civilisation of enlightened women, repugnant to all national and individual decency. But apart from that, there still remains the military problem, which as yet is *quite unsolved*. There are the Russians, of course, but there is also the possibility of failure. We are beginning to feel the dry rot of war—taxes, "corner" prices, death, gloom. Stalemate or a drawn war is what the Germans now confidently rely upon. Failure to obtain the conditions of civilisation would, on our part, amount to defeat, for which we would only have ourselves to blame. It is a terrible responsibility for the gentlemen who lead us if, relying upon the Russians, they have eventually to accept Kaiser Wilhelm's "draw." Moreover, such failure carries with it the uncomfortable certainty of having to fight it out within a short time all over again, when if we are found unready we may be blotted out of our history.

After six months of warfare the Germans still hold the pawns of the diplomatic table. Many of us think that soon the Germans will "crack"—I wish I thought so. My reasons for not so thinking are that for fifteen years I have studied the German people and character, a civilisation which may be described as the mirror of fighting Rome, and with the Germans war is a religion. I fear that we do not realise the depth of the German fighting spirit, or the enormous resources behind it. We must remember that for six months Germany has fought the three strongest Powers in Europe, and Serbia to boot, and still holds them at bay. Her navy is still intact. She has still huge armies to draw upon. She can feed herself. In a struggle for racial supremacy such as this, she is unlikely to give in until compelled to from sheer exhaustion, for, in her case, defeat means complete national and economic ruin. All Germans

know that. As they would themselves give no mercy, so they expect none. Their failure spells national and racial bankruptcy. There are sixty-eight millions of Germans, not including the Austrians. Decisions can only be obtained on land, eventually will only be obtained on German soil against an armed and desperate race. That is the problem, and unless other nations come to our aid it may yet be the national problem of these Islands.

The question of conscription may thus become shortly no longer debatable even in the heroic land of controversy. We shall know in the spring, at any rate. No Government could survive a day which toyed with the German blandishments of a "draw." This Titanic struggle of races will assuredly not end in the resumption of the Tango as usual under the ægis of class diplomacy and the old furtive, fatty system of alliances and inscrutable incompetency. Our legislators will do well to look a long way ahead. The peoples of Europe will not again trust the question of peace or war to secret diplomacy. Our members of Parliament are not likely to forget that the Government repeatedly and deliberately deceived them and the country on the subject of our military responsibility towards France, as the French Yellow Book clearly shows. Most certainly, things will not again be as they were. The war will leave Europe either pledged to a militarism more acute than that which obtained in August of last year, or in a turmoil of democratic Liberation bearing an ugly resemblance to revolution. The spirit of compromise is dead. We shall want realities and results when the stricken armies, officered chiefly by men from the middle-classes and the ranks, come home to tell the tale. Like the Armies of Cromwell and Napoleon, they will be Democratic Armies. Very different values will obtain after the return of the soldiers. Very different men will shape our destinies.

If the Germans cannot win, we have yet to give military proof that we can. The Germans must be turned out of France and Belgium, out of Poland, driven in and crippled in their own territories, and we have got to sink the German Navy. Those in power may be right in assuming that all this can be done without conscription—if Italy and Roumania join in the good work perhaps rightly, for the Austrian Empire could then speedily be broken up. At

the hour of writing, however, that valuable assistance is conjecture, and conjecture has never yet led to a military decision. Six months of war sees the German Armies still unbeaten, so much so that if peace were declared to-day the Germans would have won "hands down." That is the plain military truth. And if the Russians fail to achieve the decisions we rely upon in the East, and the conjectural assistance still fails to arrive or fails to turn the scales, then England will have to enter the lists in full national array, setting the watchword to the Allies in the proud words of the Piedmontese: "We begin again."

Ireland in War-Time

By Robert Lynd

Most people have more or less forgotten Home Rule since the Germans crashed into Belgium in the beginning of August. In Ireland it is still the question of the day. The Unionist Ulsterman and the Home Ruler of the South agree in this, that each of them regards the present bloody war of the nations of Europe as being in its most important aspect the last round of the fight between the Nationalists and the Orangemen. Both of them are on the same side, no doubt. That is the comedy of the matter. They feel that in fighting the Germans they are fighting each other. They fight the Germans in the same spirit of rivalry in which they sing "God Save the King." In Belfast nothing exasperates a Nationalist more than to hear a Unionist singing "God Save the King," and nothing exasperates a Unionist more than to hear a Nationalist singing "God Save the King." Each of them, as a matter of fact, means a different thing when he sings it: the Nationalist means the King who signed the Home Rule Bill, the Unionist the King who will sign another Bill repealing this. There has, I think, been less tension between the working classes on the two sides since the war broke out. But the middle classes, as you will see if you look at their newspapers, still go for each other hammer and tongs like the rival mothers over the baby that Solomon threatened to cut in two. In the present instance the baby over whom the quarrel has arisen is Ireland.

So much has to be realised before one can understand the prominence recently given in the Press to the literature of the so-called pro-German party in Ireland. The partisan Ulsterman and the partisan Nationalist would each give his boots to be able to prove the other a pro-German. The Nationalist points to the pro-German record of the Ulstermen before the war; he contends that the Ulstermen helped to pre-

cipitate the war by creating a wrong impression in Berlin with their speeches and actions. He quotes one Ulster leader after another in the same vein as Captain Craig, M.P., who, in the *Morning Post* of January 9, 1911, declared: "Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of Mr. John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires"; and there is a still livelier quotation from *The Irish Churchman*, which published a letter stating: "We have the offer of aid from a Continental monarch, who, if Home Rule is forced on the Protestants of Ireland, is prepared to send an army sufficient to release England of any further trouble in Ireland by attaching it to his Dominions . . . and should our King sign the Home Rule Bill the Protestants of Ireland will welcome this Continental deliverer." To all this the Nationalist adds, with sinister pleasure, the reminder that Baron Kuhlmann, Prince Lichnowsky's right-hand man at the German Embassy, crossed over to Ulster at the height of the crisis, and was entertained by leading Unionists in Belfast. There you have the party case against the Ulsterman—the case for calling the Ulsterman a pro-German. He is not a pro-German, of course, but that does not matter. It is none the less necessary to remember the case made against him when one comes to consider the case which he in turn makes against the Nationalist. Both cases are chiefly for English consumption. They are meant in the one instance to save, and in the other to damn, Home Rule.

The Ulster Unionist Press does not directly accuse the Nationalists of being pro-Germans. It confines itself chiefly to hints and exclamations of surprise. It affects astonishment over the figures for recruiting in a stage whisper, and with a "Dear, dear!" expression quotes freely from those weekly and monthly papers which, in their opposition to the enlistment of Irishmen in the British Army, justified the German invasion of Belgium, and even in one or two cases cried, "Hoch, der Kaiser!" The Unionists, if they really wished to learn what Ireland thinks about the war, could turn to the Nationalist daily Press, which is as eagerly on the side of the Allies as the Press of Paris itself. But they did not do this. Instead, they—or one of their organisations—bought up large quantities of the less widely-sold pro-

German or anti-recruiting papers, stamped them prominently in blue ink with the inscription, "This is an Irish Nationalist paper," and posted them off to as many innocent Englishmen as possible, with the manifest object of impressing them with the notion that Ireland is as pro-German now as she was pro-Boer fifteen years ago. The Ulster Unionists applaud South Africa because Botha and the majority of South Africans are on the side of the Allies. Why is it that they do not applaud Ireland because Mr. Redmond and the majority of the Irish are on the side of the Allies? They judge South Africa by its Botha party; they judge Ireland by its De Wet party. Why is this? Why, in order to create a public opinion in England which will repeal the Home Rule Act when the war is over.

Irish opinion is overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies. That is the outstanding fact of the situation. Who, then, it may be asked, are the pro-Germans whom some Unionists prefer to quote as the more significant representatives of Irish opinion? Well, in the first place, many of them are not pro-Germans at all. Some of them, as I know from letters I have had, even desire that the Allies should win. They include the readers of the *Leader*, a clerical-constitutionalist weekly, which anticipated the *Freeman's Journal* by many years in studying the tune of "God Save the King"; the readers of *Sinn Féin*, which demands the restoration of Grattan's Parliament; the readers of *Irish Freedom*, who are Separatists and Republicans in the tradition of Wolfe Tone; the readers of the *Irish Worker*, who follow Mr. Larkin in a kind of Nationalist Syndicalism; and Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, a clever journalist of fiery courage, who, like Mr. Healy, is a party in himself. (Some of these papers, by the way, have ceased publication owing to official threats against the printers.) With many probably it is a case not of pro-Germanism, but of being in favour of Ireland's remaining neutral. The party of neutralists are chiefly Nationalists who regard Ireland as a separate nation, in the same way in which Denmark or Switzerland is a separate nation, and who hold, in consequence, that Ireland is no more called on to precipitate herself into a European conflict like the present than Denmark or Switzerland is. They are afraid that, if Mr. Redmond has his way, Ireland will fall from her high

destiny as the Irish nation and sink into the position of an English county, differing from the other English counties chiefly in the fact that she will have lost her soul. If Ireland had been an independent nation, it is almost certain that these people, too, would have been enthusiasts for the cause of the Allies. But they look on it as a sign of subjection that their country should be expected to go into the war willy-nilly, instead of being left to decide on its course of action for itself through a native Parliament. No one can understand what is called pro-Germanism in Ireland without understanding the ideal of which it is the mistaken expression. The little band of extreme Irish Nationalists who are opposing Mr. Redmond just now oppose him less because of any theory of the rights or wrongs of the war than because they differ from him in their theory of what Irish freedom is meant to be. They believe mystically in the coming of an Irish civilisation which will be as distinct, separate, and beautiful as was the civilisation of ancient Greece. They believe that in Ireland, as in Shelley's *Hellas* :—

> Another Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendour of its prime.

They live in the past and in the future; they do not understand Mr. Redmond's servitude to the present. They have never followed Mr. Redmond because they have mostly regarded the Home Rule for which he fought as a mere tricky form of Unionism. Some of them even are more in sympathy with Sir Edward Carson than with Mr. Redmond. They like the separatism of his volunteer movement. They love him as an Irishman who, like themselves, holds fast to the "all or nothing" principles of Brand. They declare that, if England attempts to coerce Ulster into Home Rule by force of arms, they will take their places in the firing line beside their Unionist fellow-countrymen. One Nationalist of this view went so far as to lend his motor-car to the Ulster Unionists to help them in distributing their arms on the night of the great gun-running affair at Larne. Thus, if the Ulster Unionist were even-handed in his epithets, he would call the extreme Nationalist not only a pro-German, but a pro-Unionist.

Those who do not know Ireland will regard the whole situation as wildly illogical. But there is a curious logic running through it all, if you admit certain premises. It is not, unfortunately, the logic of a world in which two and two ever make four. Personally, I may say that I admit some of these premises, but not others. I share the hope and the faith in the Ireland that will give to the world another Hellas. I cannot agree, however, with those who regard the Home Rule Act as worthless; I believe that its repeal would do a deadly injury to Irish civilisation for another half-century. Nor can I agree that any Irish Nationalist has the right, on any plea whatever, to defend the action of an aggressive Empire like the German in violating and plundering a small nation like Belgium for selfish ends. Ireland, in wishing well to the Allies, seems to me to be merely acting in accordance with the true Nationalist faith.

At the same time, it is worth the Englishman's while to put himself in the place of the Irish Nationalist and ask himself whether, in the same circumstances, he might not have been almost persuaded to join the extremists. I will leave out of the question the historical case for Irish Nationalism, which even many Unionists admit is of a kind to leave Irishmen mistrustful. But take only the events of the past six or seven months. The first event which happened in confirmation of the traditional mistrust was the Government's proclamation against the importation of arms into Ireland immediately after the Nationalist Volunteers came into existence, though the Ulster Volunteers had been allowed to import arms freely for many months. The second event was the attempt on the part of Dublin Castle officials to resist by force the landing of arms by the Irish Volunteers at Howth, and the subsequent affray in the streets of Dublin, in which a number of civilians were shot dead by the soldiers; this incident, though the Government disowned and condemned it, "out-Zaberned Zabern" in the minds of the Irish public; that is the phrase used about it to me by an Irish Nationalist who is whole-heartedly on the side of the Allies. Then there was the postponement of the passing of the Home Rule Bill from week to week, until thousands of Irishmen were persuaded that a plot was on foot to use the war in order to kill Home Rule and to get Irish assistance in the war without, in the popular

phrase, first "delivering the goods." Following this came the visit of Mr. Bonar Law to Belfast and his threat that when the Opposition returned to power they would treat the Home Rule Act as a worthless scrap of paper. Then came the War Office, out of which permission to form a special Irish Division had to be dragged inch by inch, and which, when a number of Irish ladies formed a committee to collect money in order to present the Irish Division with colours, refused to allow the presentation to take place. Add to this the speeches delivered by prominent Ulster Unionists on more than one occasion since the beginning of the war, calling upon Ulstermen to enlist on the ground that the Army is opposed to Home Rule and will take forcible measures to prevent its coming into operation. Sir George Richardson, the General commanding the Ulster Volunteer Force, speaking towards the end of October at a meeting of Ulster Volunteers, said :—

> If any man found himself wavering, let him try and recollect the events of March last and what the Army and Navy did for Ulster. They came to the help of Ulster in the day of trouble, and they would come again. It was now the volunteers' opportunity to show them their gratitude and support them to the last man.

Major Leader, again, commanding the 16th Battalion Royal Irish Rifles, spoke at a recruiting meeting at Dromore on December 5th, at which, in the words of the Unionist *Northern Whig*, he reminded the audience of the "noble services rendered to Ulster at a critical period by certain distinguished soldiers of the British Army." Speeches like these, which deliberately spread the impression that the British Army is an anti-Home Rule organisation, make superlatively good anti-recruiting literature. If what Sir George Richardson says about the Army is true, then not even the most wildly Imperialistic Nationalist in Mr. Redmond's following could conscientiously enter the ranks of such a body. It will be seen, then, that the anti-recruiting agencies in Ireland are not limited to the pro-Germans and those who are inaccurately labelled pro-Germans. One must add to these (1) the Government, (2) the Opposition, (3) the War Office, (4) Dublin Castle, (5) the Ulster Unionist leaders and their Press—everybody, indeed, except Mr. Redmond and Mr. William O'Brien, and their parties so recently at daggers drawn.

There you have the tragi-comic history of contemporary Ireland in a few sentences. It is of importance that it should be known, because, if it is not, there is danger that bitterness may grow up both among Irishmen and against Ireland. I do not think that anyone knowing these facts and all their implications would willingly begin a new era of repression in Ireland at a time of transition which is at once so hopeful and so full of perils. Nor would they listen without protest to those who hint that Ireland ought to be robbed of Home Rule if Irishmen do not enlist in greater numbers. If it comes to a question of recruiting, the Unionist farmers and farm-labourers in Ulster are not enlisting much more than the Nationalist farmers and farm-labourers of the South and West. Further, the Nationalist workers of Belfast seem to be fighting for the Allies in as great proportion as the Unionist workers of Belfast. Even if you grant for the nonce the Ulster contention that Ireland must be deprived of Home Rule unless a sufficient number of Irishmen serve in the Army, it could be proved, I think, that on that very ground Irishmen had earned at least the Home Rule Act. There are, according to the Census, in Great Britain 5,800,000 men between the ages of 18 and 35, and in Ireland 700,000 men of the same age. Thus it will be seen that an army of 100,000 Irishmen is proportionately as great as an army of over 800,000 Englishmen; and Ireland has a good many more than 100,000 men fighting for the Allies—that is, a great many more men than Canada (which has immensely fuller powers of self-government) is sending. But the truth is, there is nothing to be gained by such comparisons, except partisan points. When, at the opening of the war, Mr. Redmond rose and, in the name of the great mass of Irishmen, wished success to the cause of the Allies, he did that cause a service which took away the breath of those people who believed that Ireland's love for liberty was merely selfish and was just a sort of meaningless hatred of England. That service alone was in its effect worth an army corps. Had Ireland been hostile to the Allies in the present war, it is easy to see what use Germany could have made of that hostility in America and, indeed, throughout the neutral world.

The Limits of International Compromise

By E. S. P. Haynes

"ALL government," wrote Burke, "indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences, we give and take; we remit some rights that we may enjoy others." This generalisation is so obviously true in most respects that it is not unreasonable to inquire how far it is limited in its application to international affairs as well as to what is ordinarily meant by "Government." The advocate of war as a better method of settling disputes than arbitration quite logically denies that compromise does or can properly settle many problems of individual conduct. The "honour" of the individual is as sacred as the "honour" of a nation. Duelling is, therefore, necessary, in order to wipe out an insult. It is equally the bounden duty of A to kill B who runs away with A's wife. Even the State presumes that a man will not compromise in regard to his own life, and therefore sees to his being forcibly pinioned before he is hanged. The uncompromising Antigone defied the orders of King Creon in order to bury her brother. Socrates declined to eat his words and preferred to die, although he respected the laws of Athens so deeply that he declined to escape from prison when his friends offered him the chance.

Yet in modern England the insulted man pursues some social or legal remedy, even though the remedy may seem quite inadequate. The injured husband obtains a divorce and probably marries another woman. The suffragette is imprisoned and soon afterwards released. The heretic, if he has any claims to worldly respectability, is allowed to say or write what he likes, and if not is merely fined or imprisoned for a time like the suffragette.

Nevertheless, it has always been the fashion to suggest

that men who accept any compromise of common-sense as a substitute for physical violence, lack virility, until such acceptance has itself become fashionable. Even now the same accusation is often insinuated against members of Peace Societies. The accusation is, to my mind, unsound. An injured husband who is content with divorce instead of murder (if, indeed, he is not almost driven to murder by reason of being too poor to obtain a divorce) may very well say that he regards his wife not as a beast of burden belonging to him, but as a human being capable of affections which respond more to one man than to another. Such a man may be and often is quite capable of risking his life in any of those peaceful avocations from which such risks cannot be eliminated, or even of allowing dangerous experiments on his own body in the cause of science. It is a platitude that the whole human race is engaged in a constant war against Nature, and there are many who regard the making of the Panama Canal as a greater achievement than any war of man against man.

Mr. A. M. Latter pointed out many years ago that the doctrine of compromise had reached its highest level in China. The whole Chinese philosophy of life is based on the ideal of "harmony in society," and all virtues are subordinated to that end. The problems of "*amour propre*" and personal honour are not disregarded; an elaborate system—even more elaborate than our own—prevails of "saving face" by trivial concessions. By slow degrees we are reaching the same stage of civilisation. As between individuals in time of peace we have abolished the pistol, the rack, the pillory, the stocks, the ducking-stool, and almost the gallows. It is to be noted that no modern citizen objects to the State imposing restrictions on the use of fire-arms. Attempts to impose legal force in one way or another underlie the promotion of almost every cause or parliamentary Bill; but the suffragettes have been alone in the use of physical violence, and even they seem to desire in the last resort not the right of dying in battle with the police, either individually or collectively, but merely the right of suicide.

Our society, therefore, reposes on the collective conviction of its members that the peace of invariable compromise must, in all circumstances and at all costs, be

maintained by law. An individual citizen may feel impelled to sacrifice his life for a cause by, *e.g.*, political assassination, but he recognises from the start that he is doomed, and even his political sympathisers do not forcibly resist his execution, as we have seen in modern Russia. Yet even in Russia the present supporters of Liberalism frankly admit that such acts do no good. It is, they say, like cutting different branches off a tree; but the only effective plan is to *uproot* the tree, and this they think can only be achieved by an enormous campaign of peaceful propaganda, which is, in fact, being carried out at the present time.

If the analogy of the individual and the nation is permissible at all, I think it may safely be said that the individual love of property is at least as strong as the national love of power. Yet although disputes about property have been more than usually fierce during the last ten years, comparatively little bloodshed has resulted even from the frequent strikes that have occurred, and the movement for industrial arbitration has made great strides. In any case, disputes about property never result in a yearly increase of police force at all comparable to the recent increase of armaments.

It seems equally probable that the end of the present war may result in a serious agitation for the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. War in the last resort will no doubt always exist, just as Ulster can even now wage war on the British Empire. But the uprising of Ulster would merely be equivalent to an act of political assassination by an individual, whether the act be regarded as morally laudable or not. The final issue would not be in question; the declaration of such a war would merely express the determination of a small community to achieve the same martyrdom that an anarchist desires, or at best to rouse public sympathy by asserting its readiness for such martyrdom.

Now, it is clear that but for German ambition the great Powers of Europe and the United States might conceivably have set up, ten or fifteen years ago, some kind of European Concert that would at least have made the refusal to submit any dispute to arbitration at the Hague before resorting to war an offence against international

civilisation. The German case in this war is best expressed in Thackeray's old saying that it is "easy enough to be virtuous on £5,000 a year." The Germans having (let us say) £500 a year, saw no reason to acquiesce in the *status quo* without appealing to force, and they have now appealed to force. There is, of course, no certainty that some other nation may not hereafter feel as the Germans do. But the point is that in August, 1914, every other Power was, on the whole, content with the *status quo*, or probably will be so at the end of the war if a proper settlement can be made. Now, if once any international agreement can be achieved, the rudiments of a civilised society will exist. The burglar may belong to the class that is perhaps insultingly described as the "deserving poor," but he is not for that reason encouraged to burgle. Both property and power can be abused, but the abuse of either brings about, sooner or later, its own destruction. We are accustomed to boast that the British Empire makes for peace all over the world, and the boast is to some extent justified by the assistance that we have obtained from our colonies, and even our dependencies, during the war. But we may be sure that any real abuse of our power would result in its speedy unpopularity. The Boer War, rightly or wrongly, nearly raised up a coalition of the European Powers against us. But I venture to assert that the submission of the questions then in dispute to the Hague tribunal would not only have saved this country the waste of blood and treasure that the Boer War involved, but would also have brought about a fairly satisfactory solution of them.

War is due in these days (1) to the lack of time for settling disputes when each party is feverishly preparing for the contingency of war, (2) to the same feeling of sensitiveness to the reproach of cowardice that afflicted the individual in the duelling days, and (3) to the incessant competition in armaments. But the mere existence of an international court gives a proper margin of time if nations are compelled to go to it, and although our own duelling days are not so very remote, the challenge of one French judge by another in the course of a recent lawsuit in which they were both engaged, did not inspire even the most bellicose Briton with any other feeling than that of amuse-

ment. As regards armaments, it might be possible for the Powers to pool a fairly large sum of money, and agree that the contribution of any Power exceeding a certain limit in armaments should forfeit its own contribution. Each Power would, of course, enjoy the income of the money so pooled, unless or until the forfeiture occurred.

Before the present war, it might well have been objected that those Powers which felt themselves safe from aggression would never feel it worth their while either to join a Peace Guarantee League, or if they had done so, to obey any obligation due to the League if they could safely evade it. We now know, however, that no Power, great or small, is really safe from attack, and it therefore becomes worth while for all to combine for purposes of mutual defence. Again, it may be contended that one great Power, or a group of small Powers, might make secret preparations for attacking the others, but the conditions of our world are so cosmopolitan that this would scarcely be feasible. The point is that if any group of nations or individuals really wants peace, peace will be achieved. Ten years ago Sir Robert Finlay, in his Rectorial address to the University of Edinburgh, deprecated nations being "haled before a compulsory tribunal," because they were as likely to resent it as ordinary suitors, in fact, resent civil litigation. It is, of course, preferable, as he writes, to let nations, like individuals, choose their own arbitrator, but the compulsory tribunal need only be appointed to act if no other arbitrator can be found. Moreover, there is no doubt that, given sufficient time, even professional diplomatists could settle nearly every international dispute, especially if they were genuinely responsible to the peoples whom they represent, and peace were the real object of both parties. The Prince Consort prophesied in 1851 that popular government would stop war. His prophecy may one day be realised, but we may doubt if even a constitution like our own would have restrained the aggressive ambitions of the German people, though, perhaps, a free Press would have revealed to them important facts which were carefully concealed from them by the Imperial Government.

Mr. Lowell Jones, in his excellent book on International Arbitration, prophesied that all future wars would

be, like the Russo-Japanese war, a contest between two nations of equal strength, where the expansion of either means injuring the other, and both are equally determined to protect their trade interests and their markets, their political aims and ideals." In such a case he thought that there could be no solution but war. This opinion, however, assumes (1) that "expansion," which is really nothing more than a rising birth-rate, must go on indefinitely, and (2) that the trade interests and markets, political aims and ideals of the two nations are completely severed from those of the rest of the world. I need only point out that we live in days of a falling birth-rate in Western Europe and of increasing cosmopolitanism both as regards trade and ideas.

Some thinkers maintain that the martial sentiment is far too deep-rooted, especially among women, to be abolished. Mr. Harold Begbie has trumpeted in perishable verse the prediction that at the end of the war no woman will ever speak again to any man of recruiting age who has not enlisted. We all, no doubt, feel that any refusal to respect martial honours would certainly be churlish, but the fact remains that such honours earn more prestige with a peace-loving generation than in a community where war is going on all the time. It must also be remembered that the chance of quick and conspicuous distinction is always more attractive than distinction of a more unobtrusive kind, which is why we always have with us a superfluity of barristers and politicians. I am prepared to admit that for one person who has heard of Lord Lister, there are a hundred persons who have heard of Lord Kitchener, but I decline to admit that, supposing the world had established substantial guarantees of peace, then either Lord Kitchener or his friends would try to propagate war from motives of personal vanity. There will always be sufficient scope for pioneering and adventure in the world without war. Finally, the naval and military prestige of Great Britain is as great to-day as it ever was. Yet in the nineteenth century this country achieved no fewer than 164 peaceful settlements of disputes, including the supremely creditable settlement of the Alabama claims. France comes second with 105 settlements, and the United States third with 96.

The most gloomy and convincing picture of what future peace might mean was drawn by Charles Pearson (who approved of war) in 1893, and it should be the chosen text of all those who resist efforts to abolish war. In describing the senility of the race to be he writes :—

"Our morality will then be the emasculate tenderness of those who shrink from violence, not because it is a transgression of order, but because it is noisy and coarse," and later: "It is more than probable that our science, our civilisation, our great and real advance in the practice of government, are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will predominate in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate."

Such are the arguments of those who praise war, though such arguments are often only due to an attempt to make the best of a situation which some feel to be almost intolerable to contemplate without blinkers. But even if Charles Pearson is right we shall not evade our fate by abandoning the attempt to conserve our forces by means of pacific co-operation. Nothing can so obviously promote the ultimate predominance of the "lower races" as the mutual self-destruction of the higher races. If we are to renounce all aspirations for peace, we surely have nothing but Bernhardi to fall back upon.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

THE LONELY NIETZSCHE. BY ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE. (Heinemann.) 15*s.* net.

THE second volume of Frau Förster-Nietzsche's life of her brother appears in good time—at least for England. Had it appeared earlier it would not have found that circle of eager readers which it is sure to attract at the present moment. Philosophy in this country has hardly ever been taken seriously by anyone but the professional metaphysician of Scottish descent. But a philosophy that can influence politics, a philosophy that (according to the papers) started the present war, is obviously worth studying.

Frau Förster-Nietzsche's qualifications for writing the life of her brother are unique, for she is not merely the ordinary incense-burning relative of the great man, but can say with truth, "None stood nearer to him than I." Except for certain periods of estrangement, she was Nietzsche's business manager, confidante, and helpmate; in fact, to some extent, before her departure with her husband to Paraguay, she filled the place of a wife to the "lonely" thinker, without inflicting those encumbrances which made Nietzsche himself shrink from the idea of marriage. Here we have the philosopher in undress uniform; we observe how he lived from day to day, we watch him at work and at leisure, we see how he struck his contemporaries, and we hear his most intimate views on women, friendship, cookery, Italian scenery, German tourists, and a thousand other matters.

The point brought out most clearly in this volume is Nietzsche's loneliness in imperial and professorial Germany, that Germany which has at last exploded into this war. To the last stroke of his pen, Nietzsche attacked the materialism and romanticism of his countrymen, and nothing in ancient or modern literature equals the wholesale condemnation of all things German, past and present, that rings out from the infuriated pages of "Ecce Homo." To parallel Nietzsche's passionate outburst against Germany with the outspoken criticisms of England uttered by

Carlyle and Ruskin—as some critics have done—is really to compare the fulminations of a Jewish prophet to the wailings of a Fabian lecturer. To this very day the German professors, that class which Nietzsche despised more than any other, have never forgiven their mighty foe, and nothing has apparently caused more surprise (and secret laughter) among them than the current English reproach of Nietzscheanism against the German State. "Nietzsche knew nothing about the German soul," writes Professor Ludwig Stein in the *Vossische Zeitung* of January 4th, "and our German State has nothing to do with him. We are not guided by the teaching of the superman, but by Kant's categorical imperative, which has taught the German soldier his ideas of duty, discipline, and subordination." This is very much the same as what Nietzsche said when he accused Kant of being a Christian in disguise, and reproached him with having invented a philosophy fit only for slaves and Chinamen.

TRAVEL

SKETCHES IN POLAND. By FRANCES DELANOY LITTLE. (Andrew Melrose.) 9*s*.

WE have found much charm in this book, a charm that is heightened by the refined style in which it has been got up. It is a pleasure to handle such good paper and to glance over the clear type and the admirable coloured illustrations reproduced from the author's sketches. For she is an artist, and she writes like one. There is a sense of colour in her words—the eye for detail; a breath of something fresh in her outlook. For the rest, an unassuming but veracious record of visits to various places about which we have been hearing a good deal lately. The book is topical; it should be read by all who wish to appreciate the conditions of modern Poland—the difficulties of internal communication, for instance, along roads that are knee-deep in mire—or those feelings of the natives towards Austria and Germany, particularly the latter, on whose odious rule she throws some valuable sidelights (the volume was written before the present war broke out, which makes her comments all the more interesting). It is a thousand pities that a traveller with so marked a gift of human sympathy should have been precluded from intercourse with the humbler folk through not knowing their language.

We get a few words of Polish, none the less. Breakfast, she says, consisted "of kava, chléb, and maslo." Why not call it coffee, bread and butter? Well, this is one of the defects of her particular quality—that quality being, we think, her gift of investing the most trivial incidents with an air of mystery and adventure. It is a Borrovian trait, and decidedly pleasing.

FICTION

YOUNG EARNEST. By GILBERT CANNAN. (Martin Secker.) 6*s*.

MR. CANNAN is clearly a philosopher, a man with a detached mind who thinks. And philosophy is the truth of life. The author writes like a man who has suffered much, but now surveys the world from the calm of the hill-top, slightly amused at his own struggles and profanations; his book makes one feel things, which is indeed the essence of art. Young Earnest is a type, what pathologists might call the man-woman. He is all sensibility. The aches of life jar upon him, as we laymen are wont to imagine they wound the susceptibilities of a beautiful woman. But Mr. Cannan knows better. With him the sensitive plant is man. All the same, he is a man, this lad-hero, and so, when things bore or offend him too acutely, he acts promptly, in some cases with an irresponsibility that is quite Homeric. Thus he punches his father in the jaw. Tired of the girl he plunges into matrimony with, he quits, like a Mexican; just walks out for ever. After that, he lives in a mews and enjoys himself thoroughly. The young man insists upon his freedom. Finally, he finds himself in the flame of love. Will it last? We don't know. Probably not. But Mr. Cannan is discreet, unless this is to be the beginning of a trilogy. A fellow like Earnest is not the sort to surrender himself. We close the book with reluctance. For it is a good book, full of admirable observation, clearness of vision, subtle interpretation. It is a work women should read, for they will learn much about the other sex reputed so easy to understand. And many a man will find in Earnest his second self. If we had an Academy, this work might well be *couronné*.

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